

The Enterprise.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

NO. 47.

VOL. 6.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
8:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:12 A. M. Daily.	
12:48 P. M. Daily.	
4:21 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
4:06 P. M. Daily.	
7:05 P. M. Daily.	
10:50 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross 8:39, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:31 P. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:31 P. M. 7:51 P. M., 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:58, 11:28.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot. First car leaves Station 8:32 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 8:30 P. M. Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 to 10:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North 7:35 A. M. 4:20 P. M. South 7:35 A. M. 4:20 P. M.

MAIL CLOSURE.

North 8:30 A. M. 4:35 P. M. South 7:00 A. M. 4:35 P. M. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

After the Timber of British Columbia. Vancouver, B. C.—There is on the verge of completion in this province a scheme which will give into the hands of American capitalists the control of the lumbering industry of British Columbia. The authority for the statement is a local paper, which states that the negotiations that are in progress cover the purchase from all the financial corporations interested of all the mills and timber rights in the province. A firm of prominent lumber men of Michigan are at the head of the deal and they are said to have had expert lumber men here for several months past investigating markets and trade conditions and the value of the standing timber available. One of the principal features of the deal from the American standpoint is that recent legislation on the part of the British Columbia Government has made it illegal to export cedar lumber to the American side of the line.

Life Insurance of President McKinley. New York.—That President McKinley expected to live for many years and had every reason for so thinking is evidenced from the insurance he carried on his life in favor of his wife. Only a few weeks ago, it can be said on good authority, he had changed a straight life insurance policy of \$50,000 for a twenty-year endowment policy. He carried this in one of the big New York companies.

It was announced by another insurance company that its agents had paid by check the other day to Mrs. McKinley a policy for \$15,000.

Reports that the President carried insurance amounting to \$200,000 or more are not credited by leading insurance men in this city. Several experts placed the total amount at not more than \$75,000.

A few acres of soiling feed, as green corn, is invaluable at this season for the live stock on the farm, and especially for milch cows.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

His Death a Great Blow to the Nation.

CAREER OF THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

McKinley's Good Record as a Soldier, Statesman and Private Citizen—Events of His Administration.

William McKinley will take shining rank in American history, not only as the country's Chief Executive, standing at the helm of the ship of state and guiding her through the turbulent waters into the calm sea of prosperity, but also in his strength and purity, as a noble, well-poised type of American manhood. Granted that he has been a brilliant statesman, a peerless orator, a profound and practical thinker, a practical organizer, a powerful factor in molding the destinies of the Nation, with a widening political horizon and new intellectual gladiators rushing upon the field to combat and to conquer the evils of the time, the memory of his public service must take its place in line with the hosts that have already passed and those already marching from the unknown future. The memory of the peerless personal character, of the man stainless of soul, self-sacrificing in friendship, sturdy in his patriotism, faithful of heart, dauntless and strong for others in the face of heavy trial, will remain a living inspiration, giving the dead President immortality in the hearts of the people.

William McKinley was born at Niles, in Trumbull county, Ohio, January 29, 1843, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, which had been implanted in American soil early enough to furnish a hero of the Revolutionary War in the person of his great-grandfather, David McKinley. He was educated in the public schools, and took the usual rough knocks of a Yankee lad of the people, achieving no special popularity among his mates nor reputation for physical prowess. In after years he told an amusing story of how, returning to Niles when stumping the State during the first campaign for Governor of Ohio in 1891, just as he was beginning one of the most important speeches of his campaign, spurred on to a superb flight of eloquence by the rousing applause with which he had been greeted, he suddenly lost his self-command and came near to total collapse as he began to recognize in the men around him, the boys who had tormented him at school when he was a little fellow, one who had cheated him at marbles, another who had beaten him in a fight, and the crowning discovery of all, the lad who had cut him out of the graces of the girlish belle of the school. His boyhood for the moment took possession of him and he very nearly forgot the train of argument by which he was undertaking to prove that the foundation truths of the Republican party were involved in the success or failure of his campaign.

HIS BRAVERY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The boy entered life equipped only with a sound body and brain, the heritage of a virtuous ancestry, and the healthful, uplifting influences of a home pervaded by the truest refinement and intelligence. He had his own way to make in the world and after a short term at the academy in the neighboring town of Poland he taught a country school and became self-supporting when only 17 years of age. He had just matriculated at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., in 1861, when there came the call to arms for the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union, and young "Bill" McKinley, only 18 years of age, was among the first to answer. In June of that year he enlisted as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry, reaping no particular distinction by reason of his age, for among his comrades there were many who were younger. It is a peculiar and significant fact, however, that the demonstration of the practical side of his nature, afterward so strongly emphasized in public life, earned him his first promotion, for he gained his advancement to the position of commissary sergeant, as well as the plaudits of his regiment, by undertaking, of his own volition, to serve the men in the thick of the fight at Antietam with hot coffee, loading wagons with the steaming beverage, and distributing it under fire, arguing that in this way he could render the most efficient service, as "men could not fight well on empty stomachs."

His sturdy common sense, his reliability and his clean record helped him to further advancement. Those above him soon found that young McKinley was a man to be relied upon to do his duty, wherever he was placed. Yet he did not lack the courage to take a bold initiative when occasion demanded it. It is related of him that at the battle of Opequan, fought near Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, when he had won a Captain's double bars and was serving on General Crook's staff, he assumed the responsibility of altering a verbal order which he carried to General Deval, command-

ing the Second Division. On his way to reach Deval Captain McKinley found that the route Crook commended him to take was blocked with fallen trees and dead horses. There was no time to report to Crook, and realizing the disastrous result should his order be carried out, McKinley directed Deval to take another road. When he reported to Crook what he had done, his chief in amazement asked him if he knew he had rendered himself liable to court-martial and dismissal from the service for disobedience, no matter what the result, and to certain death, had his interference resulted disastrously.

"I did, General, but I was willing to take that risk to save the battle," was the manly response.

The narrator of this episode thus comments upon it: "This incident illustrates one of the most forcible attributes in McKinley's character as a statesman and soldier. He has never been willing to serve merely as a piece of machinery, but has used his knowledge and his judgment in the work assigned to him."

President Lincoln brevetted McKinley Major for his course at Opequan.

After the war McKinley would have liked to enter the regular army, but relinquished his ambition on account of the opposition of his father and mother. Mother McKinley would have liked to see her son a Methodist minister, but the young man felt no call to a religious vocation, and elected,

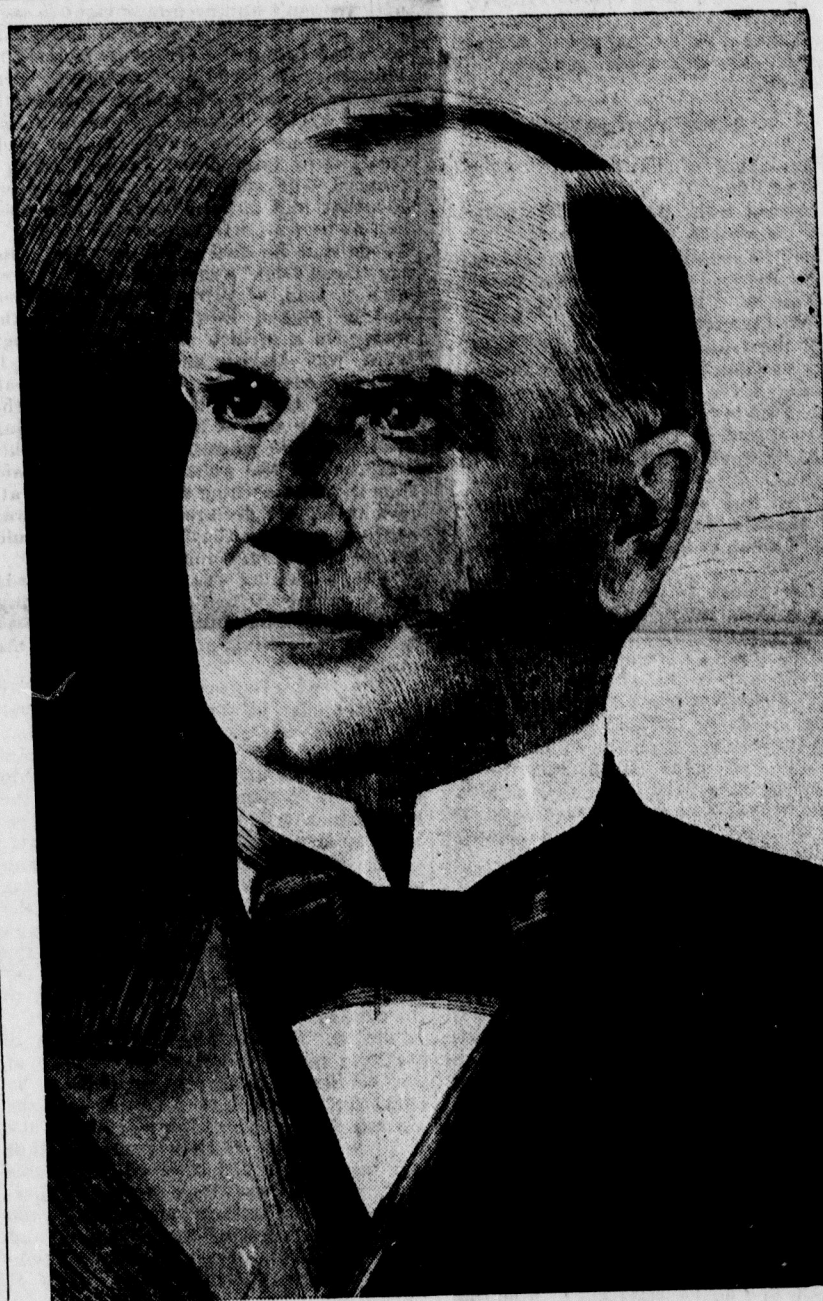
about the city in costly equipages, enjoying the fruits of the labor of the men on trial, whose lives were filled with trials and hardships. He closed with a touching appeal for the wives and children of the workmen.

Hanna and his companions found themselves, before popular and courted, the target of harsh and critical looks, their social and legal standing disrated, branded as persecutors of the poor and toiling, enjoying their very ease and luxury by reason of the work of the half-starved miners who were on trial for their liberty. All the miners, except one, were acquitted, and he was given a light sentence of one year in the penitentiary.

As to Hanna, although he writhed under the public flagellation to which he had been subjected, and stored up vials of wrath for McKinley, while suffering at his hands, when he subsequently learned that the young attorney had conducted the defense of the prisoners without pay and had even refused to accept the fee they tendered him on the ground that it was needed by their families, he came to the conclusion that a man of the acumen he had shown and the traits of character accompanying it was a man worth knowing. He lost no time in seeking his acquaintance and was soon enrolled as his personal friend and warm political supporter.

HIS ENTRY INTO POLITICS.

In the following year McKinley first boldly entered the political arena, from which he never afterward retreated.



THE LATE WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

instead to study law, first entering the office of Judge Charles E. Glidden of Mahoning county, Ohio, and afterward pursuing a course at the Albany Law School in New York. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, and selected Canton as the town where he should begin his career in civil life. In 1870 he was elected District Attorney of the county, serving until 1872, when he resumed his private practice.

In 1875 young McKinley had a case which was destined to lead to important results, although he did not suspect this at the time. It was at this time that he first met Marcus A. Hanna, and the meeting was not an altogether happy one for Hanna, who was at that time general manager of a big coal company with mines in Stark county. A strike of the miners was followed by a riot and the destruction of the works. Forty of the miners were arrested and indicted, and Major McKinley was engaged as the attorney to conduct their defense.

The fine-looking mine owners presented a somewhat impressive appearance in court, until the young attorney began to get in his work. McKinley made an eloquent and forcible plea for the miners, making the most of all legal points in their favor, and then turning aside to draw a striking contrast between them and the prosperous, perfectly groomed, well-fed and stylishly dressed prosecutors. He commented on their soft hands, free from grime and the callous marks of honest toil, their fashionable attire, their gaudy cravats and diamond pins, and he described them as taking their ease in hotel corridors, drinking champagne and smoking Havanas or driving

form of that year. In this declaration he startled many of his political associates, but he carried the people with him, and Harrison and a Republican Congress were elected. During the following session his ideas were molded into a statute and became law. Two years later the people, dissatisfied because no miraculous restoration of national prosperity had followed this new law, were clamoring for its repeal. The people of Ohio, in spite of his defeat in a circumscribed territory, had never lost faith in the man whom all recognized as their leader. In 1891 they elevated him to the Governorship of the State. His two administrations in this capacity were eminently successful. He rendered notable service in the settlement of labor difficulties which threatened serious strikes.

Meantime, on the occasion of two Presidential conventions, McKinley had achieved signal distinction. During the stormy experience of 1884, when Blaine was nominated, he succeeded in quelling the tumult of the great assembly and restoring peace. Again, in 1888, he was a delegate to the convention that nominated Harrison, and impressed all by the manly way in which he refused to permit his own name to be used, when the drift of votes was setting unmistakably in his direction. In 1892 he again declined to be a candidate for the Presidency, although public acclaim demanded his candidacy.

ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY.

At the thirteenth National Republican Convention, held in St. Louis in 1896, he was nominated by an overwhelming plurality over all other candidates, and his subsequent election was assured. He entered office when the country was struggling for escape from three years of business gloom and financial depression, and his first act was to expedite the Dingley tariff bill in its passage through Congress. His next was to urge the passage of legislation for sound money. These two vexed questions for the time being settled, the country entered upon an era of unexampled prosperity, which even the foreign complications that followed have been powerless to disturb.

Whatever view the workmen of America may take of the measures offered by McKinley affecting the industrial interests of the land, and whether they were remedial or palliative in character, the fact stands that this man of the people entered public life dominated by a desire to serve the masses of workers, from whose ranks he himself had sprung. In framing and securing the adoption of the protective tariff which bears his name and which was destined to give new life to American industries and increased employment to the toilers of the Nation, there can be no doubt that he was actuated by the broadest and noblest motives, a desire to bring increased prosperity to the masses.

The closest analysis of the McKinley tariff, tinkered and amended as it has since been to meet changing conditions, will demonstrate to the intelligent student that it had for its ruling object the weal of the people, not the advantage and profit of the privileged few. It permitted free entry of sugar and other articles in daily use or of daily consumption which could not be produced at home in sufficient quantities to insure the masses against combinations in prices. It aimed to reduce duties wherever they reached beyond the protective and neared the prohibitive point. It fearlessly increased the duties on commodities which came into direct competition with those which could be manufactured in sufficient quantities at home. The idea permeating the tariff was to increase the labor, the wages and the opportunities of American workmen.

Even though this document and the principles which it represents should be some day wholly supplanted by a perfected and scientific industrial organization, to McKinley must be awarded the distinction of having been the first among American statesmen to recognize and proclaim the political truth of truths, that economic prosperity is the basis of national progress. GREAT PROBLEMS DEALT WITH.

The story of the Nation's problems during the past years, the successful manner in which they have been worked out without compromising her position in relation to foreign powers, is too fresh in the minds of all to require repetition. Forced into a struggle with a Pariah among nations, in defense of the injured and powerless and in stern retribution for an outrage against her navy, the stand the United States has taken in relation to Cuba and Spain has not only commanded the respect of the nations, but is today compelling the tardy contrition and regard of Spain herself.

For more than half a century before Mr. McKinley became President, insurrections, revolutions and all manner of disturbances in Cuba, due to Spanish maladministration, had been observed with anxiety by the Government of the United States. To William McKinley, however, and not to Thomas Jefferson, who thought Cuba ought to be annexed, or to Grant, who shared with Congress his concern over the menace of constant Cuban uprisings, came the honor of securing Cuba's freedom from Spanish rule.

It is still a mooted question how far the war with Spain was forced upon the President by a clamorous Congress.

For a long time before war appeared inevitable, the President unquestionably moved with cautious tread, while violent and incendiary speeches in and out of Congress fanned public indignation into a flame. Looking back to that exciting and critical period, and remembering how conservative President McKinley seemed to be, it is easy enough now to give him credit for patiently exhausting all means of securing through diplomacy the relief of the distressed Cubans. One realizes now that his apparent spirit of inactivity was wise forethought so far as the United States is concerned. The record which preceded the war with Spain is for all the world to read. It is a record which the President was determined to perfect before it was finally closed—a determination which must needs be exercised while the drama of misery in Cuba stirred his kindly heart. It is not difficult to recall the feeling of disappointment and irritation which found expression as each successive message of the President seemed to find him halting on the brink of warlike measures; and yet these messages, read today in the light of events, are found to be fairly bristling with phrases that betrayed the heart of the man beneath the official exterior of the Chief Executive. We see now how the sad story of Cuba's unrest, depression and distress and of the ineffectual struggles of the Cuban people for a larger degree of liberty, appealed to his sentimental soul. Nor did he hesitate over exact and emphatic phrases. It was "the cruel policy of concentration" which he denounced, because it was "not civilized warfare." He condemned Spain in no uncertain tones for "the policy of cruel rapine and extermination that so long shocked the universal sentiment of humanity." And nothing could have been more emphatic than these words, in which the final protest was uttered:

"In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop."

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store Sells

in San Mateo County that
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || ||

Wood and Coal. || || ||

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

PAYING MEXICO'S SOLDIERS.

When the Private's Turn Comes, There Is Little Silver Left.

"Things have greatly improved for the private soldier in the Mexican army of late," said a resident of New Orleans whose business takes him frequently into the sister republic, "but only a few years ago he had a pretty rough time of it, and as for his pay—well, I'll tell you a little story that covers the ground fairly well. On one occasion I spent several months in a small town in the northern part of the country where a regiment of infantry was temporarily in barracks. Of course I got well acquainted with all the officers from the colonel down and found them, without exception, royal good fellows. But the poor soldiers were as tough looking a lot of scarecrows as I ever laid eyes on. Their uniforms were in rags and tatters, half of them were barefooted, and the other half had no hats, while their arms and accoutrements were in a condition to melt.

"The paymaster used to get around about every two months, and his arrival would be a signal for great excitement at the barracks. He did his business, however, entirely with the colonel and after inspecting the rolls would place a certain sum of money in that dignitary's hands, dine formally with the whole staff and take his departure. Next day the colonel would call in the captains of the several companies and give each of them a bag of dollars. The captains would thereupon summon the lieutenants, who, in turn, would send for the sergeants, and thus the money would glide down the line until it finally reached the corporals, who did the actual paying off of the men.

"How it happened I don't undertake to say, but with each transfer the cash invariably suffered a shrinkage. Perhaps it was due to abrasion. Anyhow, not more than a third ever reached the rank and file. That would have been bad enough, but in this regiment there was also a curious ebbs and flows, so to speak, that swept a good deal of the money back through the original channel of distribution. The whole crowd, from private to commander, were inveterate poker players, and by a mysterious freak of fate their ability was in almost exact ratio to their rank—the old colonel being acknowledged champion of the department.

"After pay day there was always a grand poker orgy, in which the non-commissioned officers usually cleaned out the privates. Then a few lieutenants would swoop down and win the non-coms, to get looked themselves by their captains, who invariably fell victims to the superior skill of the colonel. The result was that the unfortunate private never got over a third of his pay and never had that longer than 48 hours. He got it in the neck both 'comin and gwine,' as the old dorky remarked."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WHY THEY ARE STRANGERS.

He Fell Overboard and She Threw a Queer Life Preserver at Him.

"Now, William, I'm going to have a frank talk with you. I've known you ever since you were born, and our families have been intimate since Detroit was a village. What is the reason that the engagement between you and my niece is broken?"

This plain spoken woman is an elderly spinster and has charge of the young person referred to, who is an orphan in addition to being an heiress, present and prospective. Like many another venerable maiden holding such relationship, she is exceedingly proud and sensitive where her charge is concerned. "She's bright, cheerful, rich, accomplished, well bred and beautiful," the aunt proceeded in a higher key. "Now, what's the trouble?"

"What's the use of thrashing the matter over?" answered the young man. "She's engaged now. The incident is closed."

"I want to know. I don't understand, and it worries me."

"Well, you remember that yachting trip we took rather late last fall, and you know that I've said a million times that I would never have a wife who was not cool headed, courageous and quick to act intelligently in an emergency. I suppose I'm a crank on the subject, but that is the way I've always felt about it."

"I know. But she is. She always was. It runs in the family."

"Pardon me, but wait. One cool evening when it was blowing hard a gale were out in Lake St. Clair, and because I was running about too carelessly, I fell overboard. She screamed, called me by name and rushed back and forth distractedly. Then she realized that something must be done."

"Of course she did. Just like her."

She knocked over two or three chairs getting to one of those soapstones that they use for foot warmers and threw that at me. Then she rushed down into the cabin, came back with an oil stove in her arms and shouted, 'Here, Will! as she heaved the thing toward me.'

"I don't believe it," and aunt's head was way in the air. "I don't believe a word of it. But if it's true there's only one explanation."

"And that?"

"She wanted to sink you."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hard Customer to Sell.

Two drummers were relating the experiences of their last trip. Said one: "I rap across a country storekeeper that broke all records. He is a hard customer, and no one can sell to him but one man. When I got in his town, I made up my mind I'd give him a line of goods—make him a present of them, mind you, just for the satisfaction of selling them in his store. Well, I laid out some samples and gave him a fair price. He hesitated, and I lowered the figures. Presently I told him that he could have them at his own price and pay for them in 20, 30, 60, 90 days or two years. I told him to take the goods, then when he got ready pay for them. He wanted to think of it. That was enough to stun a fellow, but I let it go at that and called in the afternoon.

"Made up your mind?" asked.

"Not exactly," he answered slowly.

"You will let me have them at my own price and pay for them when I get ready?"

"That's the best you can do?" he drawled out. Well, I couldn't tell this to the firm, but I slammed the door in his face and ran down the street."—Exchange.

THE BILLIARD TABLE

ORIGINALLY IT WAS A SOMEWHAT QUEER ARRANGEMENT.

It Was Square In Shape and Had Three Pockets, All on One Side—The Primitive Game Was Played With Two Balls, Both White.

There were days in the dark ages when even the best appointed of country houses had to do without its billiard table. In those melancholy times our nobility and gentry had to employ their all too numerous leisure hours in the domestic pastime of shovelfboard—or shuffleboard—to give it its more correct designation. This was a table of varying length, the longer the better, generally about three feet or a trifle more in width, and the game consisted in "shuffling" flat disks of metal along it, with the object of leaving them as near the farther edge as possible. If the luck or skill of the performer left his disk overhanging the edge, he scored three, if between the edge and a line three or four inches of it two, and he marked one for a shuffle that left him between that line and one considerably closer to him.

The game does not sound wildly exciting, but it was popular enough, and great care was expended in the construction of the tables. "It is remarkable," says one Dr. Plott, quoted in Strutt, "that in the hall at Chartley the shuffleboard table, though ten yards one foot and an inch long, is made up of about 200 pieces, which are generally about 18 inches long, some few only excepted, that are scarce a foot, which, being laid on longer boards for support underneath, are so accurately joined and glued together that no shuffleboard whatever is freer from rums or casting."

The original billiard table, according to Strutt, was square and had only three pockets, all on one side. "About the middle of the table was placed a small arch of iron and in a right line at a little distance from it an upright cone called the king." At certain times, he goes on to explain (with a delightful vagueness), it was necessary for the ball to be driven through the one and round the other without knocking either of them down. Of the method of scoring he is silent. Mississippi (which he prefers to spell with one "p") appears from his description to have been a kind of bridge bagatelle, while the rocks of Scilly was the picturesque name given to that form of bagatelle where the board is studded with pins to guard the several holes. But these have little to do with the real game.

It is interesting to notice that in the reign of George II billiards were under the ban of the law, £10 being the statutory fine for any public housekeeper convicted of keeping a table on his premises.

"In The Game of Billiards, Scientifically Explained and Practically Set Forth in a Series of Novel and Extraordinary Stories, Etc."—for those were the days of lengthy title pages—there is a certain amount of information to be gleaned as to the early game. This work was published in 1839 and written by Edward Kentfield, of Brighton, a player of no small importance in the old days. On the strength of Shakespeare's well known line in "Antony and Cleopatra" this ingenious writer assigns to the game an antiquity at least as old as the battle of Actium (31 B. C.), "unless," he remarks with a charming simplicity, "we are to accuse Shakespeare of a gross anachronism."

In 1580, however, occurs the first specific mention of a table existing in Europe. France claims the credit. The early tables, like those for shovelfboard, had beds of wood, oak for choice. Marble was occasionally used in the halls of the great. Slate beds made their appearance for the first time in 1527. So, too, the original pockets were wooden boxes, and the cues were innocent of leather tips, so that side or draw were out of the question. The cushions were originally stuffed with flock, subsequently made of list or felt. The rubber cushion arrived at the same epoch as the slate bed.

"About 50 years ago," writes Kentfield, which would bring us to the date of the French revolution, "it was discovered that if a cue were cut obliquely at the point or rounded a little on one side, so as to present a broader surface to the ball, it might be struck below the middle, and this strange instrument was then adopted for occasional strokes and obtained the name of 'Jeffery,' presumably from its inventor. It was not until some 20 years later that leather tips began to come into fashion, and even then it took some considerable time to discover the virtues of chalk."

The modern game developed as slowly as the apparatus it required. Originally there were only two white balls, and the sole object of the player was to pocket his opponent while keeping himself out. It was a fact pool reduced to the simplest possible form. Twelve up was the customary game. On the introduction of the red ball it was felt that the game would go too fast, so the "winning" game was introduced, in which the players struck alternately, irrespective of success. Afterward came the "winning and following game," in which the player followed his stroke after a winning hazard. But in both of these games the pocketing of his own ball counted against the player, which, by the way, is the origin of the term "losing hazard."

The ordinary game, cannons and pockets, appears to have developed itself soon after the introduction of the red ball. It was originally called "carombole," and the red ball was known (probably through a corruption of this word) as the "carom ball." In America a cannon is still called a carom. Etymologists differ as to whether our expression is a still further corruption. Cannons and losing hazards once established in popular favor, the game soon assumed a sufficiently modern complexion. The frontispiece in Kentfield's folio volume, except for the cut of the players' clothes, might almost represent a game in progress today.—Fall Mail Gazette.

More Cautious Now.

"Yes," said the popular actor, "I had to refuse the part; it was beyond my powers."

"That's strange," replied his friend.

"There was a time when you would undertake any part."

"Ah, yes. That was when I was an amateur, and amateurs, you know, will attempt anything."—Exchange.

Descriptive.

"This story of yours," said the editor, "I would call 'A Poor Relation.'"

"But," said the author, "there is no such character in it."

"No; but that's the character of the story itself."—Philadelphia Record.

LIKE TO GO TO FUNERALS.

Women Who Attend All the Mortuary Services They Can.

Undertakers say that hundreds of people make a practice of going around from church to church to attend the various funeral services. It is a notion of recent growth, but is becoming very popular. The special attraction in the case of Catholic churches is said to be the fine music which usually attends the celebration of a solemn high mass for the repose of the soul of the dead. Where the services of more than two clergymen are employed the attraction is all the greater, the undertakers say.

"It is rapidly becoming the popular thing," said one of the latter. "I thought it odd at first and wondered how it was that the same faces were to be seen at so many church funerals. I made inquiries and learned that a number of women make it a rule to scan the death columns every morning to pick out what promises to be a fashionable funeral service."

"Some of them go over to Brooklyn and Jersey even to satisfy their craving for pomp and sweet music. The mere fact that in many church funerals a card of admission is required does not seem to keep them away either. The sexton of one of the biggest churches on Fifth avenue told me that he knew more than 500 women who make a practice of attending church funerals. He added that it would be impossible almost to drag these same women to a church wedding. There is something so magnetic in church funerals as to be simply irresistible to them. Why it is so I can't say."

The pastor of one of the biggest churches in Brooklyn was asked to give an opinion as to the influence which induces women to attend church funerals indiscriminately, and he replied that it was a weakness to see and be seen rather than any desire to listen to the organ and the choir during service.

"I have noticed," said this clergyman, "that some of these women attire themselves in mourning whenever they attend services of this kind, regardless of the fact that they may have had no acquaintance with the deceased or his family. I have seen these women in the most gaudy frocks in the afternoon after the funeral services in the morning. It is just a woman's idea about keeping her mind amused, I suppose, though I must say it is stretching the imagination a long way. Hundreds now go to church funerals five or more times a week, and it is my candid opinion that they could not be dragged to church for any other purpose."—New York Sun.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

The island of Formosa has only one railway line.

Express trains in Russia do not as a rule run over 22 miles an hour.

Read in round figures, 200 through passenger trains come into the six passenger stations of Chicago every day, leaving 40,000 strangers in the city.

All the trains that reach the New Orleans station, in the center of Paris, are brought there by electric power in tunnels. This is considered the ideal depot of the twentieth century.

The "Stourbridge Lion," imported from England, was the first locomotive in America, and was used by the Delaware and Hudson Canal company. The road was 16 miles in length and was opened in 1829.

Other things being equal, the forward seats in a street or railway car are the most healthful. The forward motion of the car causes a current of air backward, carrying with it the exhalations from the lungs of those in the forward end.

Four lines of railroad now enter the Mexican republic from the United States, and one can make the journey in five days from New York to the City of Mexico in a Pullman car on the regular trains, with only one change, either at Kansas City or New Orleans.

Bananas in Honduras.

"Bananas and plantains," writes a Honduras correspondent of the Boston Herald, "are of course grown almost everywhere, and while in camp it was my custom to purchase bananas for our party. And such bananas, of red or yellow variety, just as we might select, but in every case large bunches almost as high as a man and weighing over 100 pounds each!"

"One of the many purchased was of the red variety and contained by actual count 202 bananas and was over 5 feet in height. Some of the bananas measured 9 1/2 inches long and 4 inches round. They were brought from the plantation of an Indian, who traveled with the bunch on his back and led to his head by a leather strap. He crossed the Chiquila river five times, and his price for this bunch was 10 cents in our money."

"Our custom was to eat raw when ripe or fry them. Our cook's way of preparing them was to roll them in flour so as to avoid their sticking to the pan."

Economies of the Flat.

The flat is economical in other ways than are involved in the solution of the servant problem and the payment of large rents and gas bills. They discourage fads and collections. No dweller in a flat can accumulate pictures, books, colons, minerals, postage stamps, children or porcelain, because there is no place to put them. Therefore he puts his money into the bank and the bank. With the increase in flats has come the disappearance of pianos and parlor organs, so that people sometimes sleep at night, even in flats. And where there is no room for pianos it follows that there can be no room for the wife's mother or the country aunts and uncles or the nephews from St. Louis.—Brooklyn Eagle.

How Victor Hugo Perished.

Adele, bolder and more courageous than Victor (for she was a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret greater than all?" Victor acknowledged that he had secrets and that one of them was greater than all the rest. "Just like me," cried Adele. "Well, now, tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine." "My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you." And my great secret is that I love you," said Adele, like an echo.—Love Letters of Victor Hugo.

One Was Enough.

"Was Gobang's marriage a success?" "I hardly think so. I heard him say the other day that he would never go to the penitentiary for bigamy."—Brooklyn Life.

Davy Jones' locker is a combination of Duffy, a ghost or sprite among West India negroes, and Jones, a contraction of Jonah.

FOYING WITH DEATH

HOW "DEVIL DICK" HANDLED CANS OF NITROGLYCERIN.

Bombarded a Lynx With a Four Quart Torpedo—Held a Package of the Stuff While Another Fellow Threw Stones at It on a Wager.

"There were a good many reckless and daredevil chaps among those whose business it was to haul and handle nitro-glycerin in the early days of that explosive agent in the oil regions," said George Place, who was one of the first to work at making and canning nitro-glycerin for the wells under the Roberts patent. "But there was a teamster named Dick Warner who would dare and risk more with the terrible stuff than any other person thereabout. He was known as 'Devil Dick,' and it was a fit name for him. He had a chum named Dan Sutton, who was almost as reckless as Dick, and I have seen him and Dick play catch many a time with cans of glycerin they were unloading, the dropping of one of which to the ground would have more than likely wiped out of existence every person around the well."

"It got so that whenever Dick Warner had a load of nitro-glycerin to unload at the well, everybody else, except Dan Sutton, took to the woods and staid there until the stuff was out of their custody. Once 'Devil Dick' held a great can of nitro-glycerin above his head and let a drunken driller named Patterson throw stones at it from a distance of 30 feet on a bet of \$20 that he couldn't hit the can once out of the ten times. This was at Roan's camp, and the whole camp watched the insane proceeding from safe distances on the hill. One of the stones hit Dick on the arm, not two inches below the can, and knocked it out of his hand. He caught the can, though, before it reached the ground or the throwing man would have ended there and then, with the burial of such bits of Dick and the driller as could be found, and they would have been exceedingly few and small. The driller came close to the can several times during the trial, but failed to hit it, and Dick won his bet."

"In those days the woods all through the oil regions were full of wild animals, and it wasn't an uncommon sight to see a bear or a Canada lynx or a catamount prowling round the camps or isolated oil villages. The lynx was frequently very aggressive and bold, and it was greatly feared by the drillers and others at the wells. More than once men had been attacked by lynxes, and James Carker, a pumpjack, was so badly hurt in fighting off one that had jumped from a tree upon him as he was driving through a piece of woods that he died of his injuries. One day 'Devil Dick' was on his way to a well with a load of nitro-glycerin torpedoes, and he picked Dan Sutton up on the way. On a stretch of the road through the trees at one side of the road and keeping even with the wagon. He called Dick's attention to the animal, and Dick said that it was watching for a chance to attack them, but declared that if it followed them as far as Clay's opening he would get rid of the dangerous beast."

"Clay's opening was a gap in the woods and a ravine 20 feet wide and as many deep. The lynx did follow the men as far as the opening, and Dick stopped his wagon."

"The lynx crouched a few feet away from the edge of the nearest wall of the ravine, and before Sutton surmised how Dick intended to get rid of the animal Dick grabbed up a can of nitro-glycerin and hurled it with all his strength at the lynx, which was not over 20 feet away. The can struck the soft body of the lynx square in one side and knocked the animal over on its back. The flesh and fur of the lynx did not offer resistance to the can sufficient to cause concussion enough to explode it, but the can rolled on the ground and slowly down a gradual decline that led from where the lynx lay to the edge of the ravine wall."

"Sutton, with all his recklessness in handling nitro-glycerin, stood aghast at this deliberate risking of their lives by Dick, for he knew that the instant the can rolled into the ravine and struck the rocks below the terrible explosion that had been so luckily averted by Dick's quick aim at the lynx would follow. Quicker than a flash he jumped from the wagon, tore like mad up the ravine and would tumble into the gully when it reached the edge."

"A scraggy bush of some kind grew out of the top of the wall, and just as Sutton reached the spot the can of nitro-glycerin had rolled to the edge and struck against the main stem of the bush. The can had struck it a trifle out of the center, and the heavier end of the torpedo moved on an inch or two until it extended a little over the edge."

"Sutton stood below with upreached hands to catch the can if it fell, but there it hung against the bush, in a position that looked as if a breath of wind would topple it over into the ravine."

"All this had occupied but a few seconds. As soon as the torpedo lodged against the bush Sutton ran back to the road, shouting to Dick to drive on so they could get to a safe distance before the falling of the can and its certain explosion on the rocks below. But when he got to the wagon he saw Dick with another torpedo raised, ready to hurl it at the first one. He lowered it, though, and looked around at Sutton as if he was disappointed."

"The infernal wildcat's give me the slip, Dan, and took to the woods," said he. "Lord, but I'd like to bust one of these shells on him!"

"That was probably the first and last time a wild animal was ever hunted with four quart nitro-glycerin torpedoes, and that was the last trip 'Devil Dick' ever drove for the company he was working for. He wasn't discharged because he so recklessly endangered life and property by throwing cans of nitro-glycerin at a lynx, but because he drove on from the ravine without getting back the first can he threw, and the company would not stand such a waste of their property."

"Dick handled nitro-glycerin for four years after that and never had an accident. He then quit the business and went to breaking on the Allegheny Valley railroad. He was killed at Miller Farm before he had railroaded a week."

Taken On.

Hoax—Fenny! Did you ever notice it? Joax—Notice what?

Hoax—Why, in the beginning of the world a rib became a woman, and now it's ribbons that become a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

MEXICAN MERRYMAKERS.

How Laborers on a Plantation Celebrate Its Saint's Day.

The time honored custom of celebrating the saint's day, after some of which nearly all the large haciendas in Mexico are named, was witnessed on a recent Sunday at one of the principal ranches in the valley.

This custom was started by the Spaniards as a religious rite and still retains a great deal of the same sentiment, although it is looked forward to by most as a genuine merry-making. The extent of the celebration depends upon the number of families living in the hacienda and the liberality of the owner, who generally gives a certain sum to one of the leading employees, leaving the matter in his hands to arrange for the greatest amount of enjoyment to his fellow workmen. A strict account is kept of the way this money is spent, so there is no dissatisfaction among the others, although the workman enjoying the distinction of being chosen to manage the feast is generally a leading star in the proceedings.

In the celebration of Sunday the ranch-house had been beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, with Chinese lanterns hung in rows along the portals. While work was more than usually well attended to the day before, one could not notice an undercurrent of excitement prevailing in the colony of some sixty odd hands, and by 8 o'clock Saturday evening was ready for the short vespers dance which is usually held on the night before the saint's day celebration proper. If the music procured for the occasion is good enough, the people of the house generally enjoy a little dance themselves, while all the peons gather in front of the main building and are left entirely to their own devices to make the most of the occasion.

However, this was only the preliminary for the next day. At 8:30 in the morning mass was heard in the chapel of the place. At this mass not only the work people and the people of the house attended, but also many from the neighboring haciendas. Particular prayers were said for the success of the haciendas, and altogether a very impressive service was held. Everything went as usual during the day, but at night the entertainment was given over entirely to the workpeople. Tables had been placed on the lawn in front of the house on which were immense stacks of candy and fruit, free pulque from the ranch had been procured in quantities, and the major domo had to have several assistants to help him deliver these things, of which the people, old and young, are so fond. System had to be employed in distributing the fruit and candy. As they passed in front of the tables those appointed as waiters gave to all as much as they could conveniently eat in a day or so. Attempts are always made to work the waiters as many times as possible, and it was amusing to watch the little fellows especially dodge through the crowd and start in again, marching up as seriously and innocently as could be with their little shirts bursting with what they had already stored away inside.

The dancing began about 9 o'clock and lasted until 11, being carried on with vigor the whole of the time by old and young. It doesn't make much difference on these occasions who or what the partners are so long as they are nimble on their feet and have good staying powers. If a girl or woman be not available, men and boys dance with each other, the primary object being not to waste the music.

Perfect order, good feeling and politeness prevailed, and after the night was over the people were ready to go home feeling better for their recreation and resolved to deserve by their work another fiesta of a like kind when the time comes round.—Mexican Herald.

Curious Chinese Twins.

Curious Chinese twins are now being exhibited in Europe. Like the famous Siamese twins, they are joined together at the lower part of the chest.

These twins are boys, and they were born in China a few years ago. They are of normal intelligence, and each weighs 13 kilograms. Four years ago they had smallpox, the infection passing in 24 hours from one to the other. One day whisky was given to one of them, and yet it was the other who first began to show signs of intoxication. They go to sleep about the same time, but it is possible to awaken one without arousing the other. They can walk and run very easily, and when they lie down they very quickly find a comfortable position.

M. Chapot-Prevost, a scientist, who has given much attention to monstrosities of this kind and who successfully performed an operation some time ago on two girls who were similarly joined, recently examined these twins and concluded that the ligament uniting them could be severed without much, if any, risk. He therefore suggested that this be done, but those in charge of the twins said it was impossible, as it was the will of the Chinese god Kiang that the boys should be born thus, and his will must be respected.

Her Home.

Some years ago, when a part of the Japanese imperial palace was burned at Tokyo, the empress was forced to flee to one of the old Daimio houses near by. It was not at all comfortable, and, as the story goes, her majesty, appreciating that her subjects would be much concerned at her living in such a mean place, sat down and wrote them a little poem in which she denied that she had changed her residence. The poem, stated that "her majesty's home had always been in the hearts of the people and that neither the flames nor the cold could ever drive her from that dear abode."

One That Didn't Count.

Harris—I saw Bulger just now. He said he was so glad that he was out of debt at last.

Farren—Out of debt! Why, he owes me \$15.

Harris—He probably meant that he was out of debts that he had got to pay.—Boston Transcript.

Suggesting a Substitute.

"Have you any shirt waists for men?" asked the customer.

"No, sir," said the affable salesman, "but we've got some corsets we're selling mighty cheap today; second aisle to the right."—Chicago Tribune.

A Suburban News Center.

"Is it quiet out in the country where you are, Simpson?"

"Quiet? Why, when I get home at night our cow comes around and sits down by the porch to hear what I have to tell."—Chicago Herald.

A WONDERFUL SHRUB

ON IT GROW THE MYSTERIOUS FLOWERS OF ST. PATRICK.

This Phenomenal Plant Blossoms in France in Midwinter In Tribute, So the History of It Relates, to Ireland's Patron Saint.

In Ireland many local traditions about St. Patrick are identified with rivers and mountains—those natural monuments which time cannot efface; but Ireland is not the only country where these monuments of nature give evidence of the saint's passage. France also bears testimony to St. Patrick in the mysterious Fleurs de St. Patrick and the venerable Eglise de St. Patrick, situated in the diocese of Tours, on the banks of the Loire, a few leagues distant from the city of St. Martin. St. Patrick was a disciple of St. Martin of Tours, with whom he spent four years after his escape from Ireland and from whom he received the tonsure and was thus made a cleric. Men have doubted of St. Patrick's presence at Tours, but the fact of that presence is proved by the traditions and monuments which are bound up with the beautiful legend of Les Fleurs de St. Patrick and their blossoming every year in midwinter for the past 1,500 years.

But what are the Fleurs de St. Patrick? The most reliable account of these mysterious flowers is the one given by Mgr. Chevallier, president of the Archeological Society of Tours, in 1850. He writes as follows:

"On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn (Prunus spinosa) commonly called the sloe."

This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrick, upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochette. The circulation of the sap, which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand as in the month of April and cover the boughs with odorous and snowlike flowers, while a few leaves timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north wind. To the flowers succeeds the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears, attached to a long peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals, which soon shrivel and dries up."

This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitant of St. Patrick has always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be, and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while the legend we are about to relate attributes a very remote origin to the fact; but, as the shrub itself appears quite young, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have only blossomed in the spring, and the hawthorns which grow amid the sloes do not manifest any circulation of sap."

In the year 1850 the flowers were in bloom from Christmas until the 1st of January—that is, at a time when the thermometer was almost always below the freezing point. Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind. Its branches are incumbered with hoar frost, the icy northeast wind blows violently among them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

The inhabitants of St. Patrick record an ancient tradition, which is full of freshness and poetry. St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to St. Martin in Gaul—attracted by the fame of the saint's sanctity and miracles—and having arrived at the bank of the Loire near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a shrub.

DREAMLAND'S DEMON

NIGHTMARE, THAT REALISTIC TORMENT OF SLUMBER.

The Causes of the Distressing Trouble and the Methods of Avoiding It. Some Popular Beliefs on the Ugly Affliction.

According to the Bavarian popular belief, the nightmare is a woman who appears in the morning asking to borrow something. To keep her away at night they promise her the three white gifts if she will come for them the next morning, and when she does come, as she surely will, she is given a handful of flour, a handful of salt and an egg. In Morocco it is customary to place a dagger under the pillow at night to ward off the nightmare, and in Greece a black handled knife is supposed to have the same effect. The ancient Germans believed that nightmare was due to a demon who during sleep seated himself upon the chest of the sleeper and oppressed his breathing.

The symptoms of nightmare are variable, though they may be always extremely disagreeable. It may be a realistic sensation of falling from a high place, such as the summit of a steep precipice, or one may suffer all the horrors of a flood or fire or a struggle with enemies superior in force and number. Frantic animals may attack or spring upon the sleeper, and with all these visions there is an inexpressible anguish and pain, with a sense of imminent danger, escape or defense seeming impossible, while the victim is unable to cry out for assistance or in the always present struggle at last utters a groan or two which may awake him.

Nightmare is especially distinguishable from dreams by the sensation of depression and suffocation. It is, in fact, a true temporary miniature delirium. Sometimes, long after awakening, it leaves the subject a prey to nervous anxiety, violent palpitation and unusual debility. In fact, it has a marked analogy with insanity, and if it is constantly recurring it may be of serious portent, pointing to some affection of the brain or mind. Not that nightmare causes nervous disease or insanity, but that nervous disease pre-existing causes, on the contrary, this special disposition of the brain to temporary delirium.

From this it can be understood why nightmare is often hereditary, just as abnormal nervous impressions may be inherited. The child, too, sensitive to the slightest impression, a living bundle of nerves, is more especially subject to night terrors, even while awake, owing to the power of the mind to project ideas into space and with the eye to see them as actualities imbued with life. Next in susceptibility are women and some men whose brains have remained in the infantile state properly called simple minded. Anemia, fever, disturbance of the circulation caused by diseases of the heart of the large blood vessels, disturbed respiration due to a full stomach are the most frequent predisposing causes and are as powerful as nervous disturbances, such as hysteria and hypochondria, in causing nightmare.

Sometimes nightmare is due to prolonged wakefulness, a radical change in diet or faulty position of the body, such as lying upon the back or face. Sometimes it is due to some mechanical interference, such as an aneurism or even swollen tonsils.

In nervous persons emotional in character nightmare may be caused by gressive tales or vivid spectacles, of discouragement, hatred, anger, etc. In fact, the most intense nightmare is due to exaltations of passion due to the loss of dearly loved relatives or friends, sudden and extreme reverse of fortune, disappointed ambition, the fear of disease or even a shock to one's self love and esteem.

The treatment of nightmare consists in awakening the subject and if there is perturbation of mind giving some mildly sedative potion, such as warm water sweetened with sirup of lettuce. Following this, care should be taken to remove the supposed cause to prevent recurrence of the nightmare. In the case of children intense moral impressions, weird stories and gressive tales should be avoided, especially before bedtime.

The child should be put to bed early to avoid the exciting environment of the social circle, of animated conversation and convivial jollity. The evening meal should be a light one both as to quantity and quality of food and drink, avoiding highly spiced relishes and stimulating drinks. The chamber should be spacious and well ventilated, the bed too soft and without too much bedding. Perfect muscular relaxation, avoidance of false positions and perfect freedom, all compression interfering with respiration or circulation, must be avoided. The feet ought to be warm and lower than the head. The body should be extended and not cuddled up into a ball.

The bed ought to be slightly inclined from head to foot, but the proper elevation of the head varies according to temperament. Anemic people need to have the head quite low, but full blooded people rest easier if the head is higher. An excited, congested brain may be relieved by warm baths, tonics and anti-spasmodics like the bromides and valerian. If there is a tendency to palpitation, the person should lie upon the right side. If the liver is disordered by chronic digestive troubles, the person should lie on the left side. The stomach should be in good condition, especially if there is flatulence due to gastric torpidity, leading to fermentation of food, and dilation of the stomach should be energetically treated.

In Bacon's "Natural History," which is quaintly worded and based on very crude knowledge of natural history as it is understood today, the author says, with a grain of truth, "Mushrooms cause the in cubus or mare in the stomach." The same might be said of Welsh rabbits and similar indigestible delicacies eaten just before retiring. These lie hard on the stomach and cause more horrible dreams in those not hardened to such gormandizing. But it is equally erroneous to go to the opposite extreme and prohibit all food before retiring, for often a light repast is a most excellent nightcap and the pleasantest and safest remedy against insomnia and in fact against nightmare, for an empty stomach may cause it just as much as an overloaded one.—Indianapolis Journal.

Similar, but Different.

Miles—Do you believe that history really repeats itself?
Giles—Yes, with the exception of man's personal history.
Miles—Why the exception?
Giles—In the latter case it is repeated by the man's neighbors.—Chicago News.

MILLIONS OF SMITHS.

This Wonderful Family Penetrates Every Grade of Society.

Three thousand years ago the Hebrews were under the dominion of the Philistines. Then arose perhaps the strangest hardship ever imposed upon a subject nation by a conquering one. The Scriptures themselves tell the story in these graphic words:

"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears; but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his coulter, and his ax, and his mattock."

Thus the Hebrews were obliged to travel from 190 to 200 miles to find a smith, a hardship that is quite inconceivable today, when the country swarms with them. If there have never been any artisans smiths there could be no surname Smith today. And what would it mean to us if there were no longer Smiths (by name) in our land? It would mean vacancies in the professors' chairs and upon the judicial bench; it would thin the ranks of the lawyers, ministers and doctors, of the merchants, brokers and manufacturers, and of the railroad, commercial and financial magnates; it would diminish the number of scholars, reformers and philosophers and deplete the ranks of sailors, soldiers, farmers, mechanics and all the rest of the great laboring world; the tramps, beggars and jailbirds would be less often met with, and cranks, politicians, drunkards and criminals fewer in number.

In fact, not a rank or gradation of our whole social system but would be affected. Some genius of computation has figured out that if all the males of earth were enrolled there would be an army of 7,000,000 Smiths among them. Allowing the feminine Smiths to be as numerous, the world has 14,000,000 living Smiths. Whether the number be as prodigious as this or not there is no question that it runs into the millions. A family so numerous and so universally infiltrated through every caste and class commands at least the respect due recognized magnitude and aggregated power.

Literally smith means smelter—i. e., one who smites or hammers. And in old days when every bit of metal, copper, iron, silver, gold or brass, had to be pounded and hammered by mighty strokes into armor, tools, plate, utensils and implements, there was need of many smiths. These smiths, or smiths, were not men of brawn alone; they had to possess the ready brain and skill to sharpen alike an implement, repair an armor or shoe a horse. Theirs was an honest and lucrative trade, and every road, street and hamlet had its smiths. Not only were there many smiths, but different branches of smithery abounded, and thus numerous compounds and derivations of Smith came into existence. Among these are Smithers, Smithkins, Smithson, Arrasmith, Arrrowsmith, Goldsmith, Silversmith, Coppersmith, Steelsmith, Locksmith, Hammersmith, Hocksmith, Hockersmith, Drakesmith, Fencesmith, Bakersmith, Wildsmith, Wintersmith, Hoffsmith, Smitham, Bowersmith, Worksmith, Watchsmith, Kleinsmith and Smithdell.

Strangest of all these perhaps is Fewsmith. Sometimes, to distinguish several Smiths in one street or hamlet, a Christian name was incorporated with the usual name. Thus came into usage Smithpeper, Hillsmith, Helensmith and Aaronsmith.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that other languages have their Smiths. Germans have numberless Schmids and Schmids, the French have Le Ferrers, the Spaniards Gansulus, the Russian Smithowskies and the Irish have Gavan Smithowskie and the Irish have Gavan Smithowskie, each meaning Smith, and McGavan and McGowan, meaning the son of a smith.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Queer Trees at Niagara.

Persons visiting Niagara falls in summer often have their attention attracted to the queer shapes taken on by the trees which grow immediately around the great cataract. A trio of sturdy old trunks which must be very old of 50 years old, and yet are graced with a tuft of foliage which seems to belong to a sapling of a few summers, stand near the American falls.

A visit to the falls in winter will explain the reason for the grotesque appearance of the trees. The mist thrown up by the falling water settles on the trees in such quantities that they often assume the appearance of icebergs stranded high and dry on the banks. As the weight of the ice increases the weaker boughs break away under the burden, and after a very cold season the tree emerges from its plating of ice shorn entirely of its branches. The trunk alone stands, and when touched by spring's warm breath it shoots out into a very close and compact bunch of leaves, which looks ridiculous on the top of such a heavy piece of timber.

Booming Papa.

"Here is a story of a little girl, the daughter of a local physician of credit and renown," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "She is a bright child of 6 and has been much petted by her admiring friends. Perhaps this has spoiled her a little, but she is so sweet and entertaining that visitors can't keep their hands off her."

"One of these visitors, a new neighbor, made a call on the little maid's mother, and it wasn't but a few moments before the little maid was on her lap."

"In the chatter which followed the woman made some allusion to the little one's grandmother."

"Why, didn't you know?" cried the child.

"Know what, dear?" said the visitor.

"Why," answered the child, "grandma is dead, and grandpa is dead, and Aunt Jane is dead, and most all of papa's patients are dead too."

Philanthropy.

"How you must enjoy being a philanthropist!" said the sprightly young woman.

"I don't quite understand you," replied the man of earnest manners.

"It must be such a pleasure to feel that you have plenty of money and can always be doing good."

"Yes; but the only difficulty is that one can't always be sure whether he is doing good or being done good."—Washington Star.

Standing in His Own Light.

"I'll never give you up, Miss Perkins—never."

"That's it, Mr. Hopkins; I'd be afraid to marry such a determined, obstinate man as you are."—Detroit Free Press.

TACTICS OF BANDITS.

A RAID THAT WAS ALL CAREFULLY PLANNED IN ADVANCE.

How Men Like the Younger and the James Brothers Could Ride Into a Town in Broad Daylight, Rob a Bank and Get Away.

"How was it ever possible for a half dozen men to ride into a small town like Northfield, Minn., rob a bank and ride away?" asked a reporter of a man in New York who knew the Younger brothers and the James boys.

"Such a thing," was the reply, "could not be done so easily now as in 1876. Bank robbery requires nerve of a peculiar order. I never engaged in the business myself, but at one time in my life I knew men who did. It was a personal acquaintance, for instance, with the Youngers and the Jameses. Left to themselves, the James boys would never have been successful in bank robbery. They were better at holding up stagecoaches and railroad trains. But, to answer your question directly, the Northfield bank affair will illustrate the method."

"The gang that rode into Minnesota did not plan any particular robbery. It was a sort of bandits' outing party. They rode into Minnesota leisurely. The party was composed of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. They were well mounted."

"The Youngers were the brains of the party. They were always men of good presence. Bob was as handsome as a well trained athlete. He always impressed the women favorably. Jim was the politician of the trio. He could talk to men and get their confidence. Cole was more reserved, but he could have joined any church on his first application. His early training was in a religious direction."

"These three visited some of the resorts in Minnesota before the Northfield affair came off. They learned a good deal in their visits about towns, about the people, for you must remember that they were away off their compass when they were in Minnesota. That's why they touched elbows with the people at the resorts. When the season was over, they knew how to get into Northfield and how to get out of it."

"Northfield had about 2,000 people. It was a quiet town. They didn't dash into it, as some people think. That isn't the way raids on banks were made in those days. Bob Younger, Jesse James and Charley Pitts rode into the town first, very leisurely. They had no intention of creating any suspicion by doing anything else. It was a common occurrence for men to ride into town as they did. They tied their horses to a rack near the bank. They stood on the corner, as countrymen do in a small town, and talked politics as you and I would."

"At the same time they were taking note of the people. They tarried on the corner at the hour of noon and after, for that was the time when people in a town like Northfield were at dinner. They ate dinner in such towns at noon. There were fewer people astir then than at any other hour."

"While they were talking the other members of the gang, having undoubtedly had some sort of signal, came whooping and shouting down the main street. These were Jim and Cole Younger, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. Every one of them had been with Quantrell, and as they rode in they uttered the rebel yell. It was new in Minnesota. Naturally, it startled the few people on the street."

"As soon as Bob Younger and his two friends saw that the people on the street were confused they added to the confusion by running about shouting, 'Get off the street!' You know how easy it is for one man to control a panic stricken crowd. He can either make it run like scared animals or he can, if he is cool, round it up to a standstill."

"The cry of 'Get off the street' was a new one in that quiet town. It was uttered by strangers made no difference. People in a panic don't reason. If they did, they would be no fatalities. Bob Younger knew this. He and Cole and Jim planned the whole thing in advance. Get the people scared and they will run to their houses."

"The moment Bob Younger saw the people on the run he and Pitts and James rushed into the bank. They had, however, flushed the game. The scare outside had penetrated the bank. The cashier, Haywood, had time to fathom the situation. He slammed the inner door of the vault shut and locked it. He must have been an unusually quick man mentally as well as physically."

"His act disconcerted even such men as Bob Younger and Jesse James. The latter, however, drew a knife across Haywood's throat to scare him and make him open the safe. Haywood didn't scare. There are few men who will not quit at the touch of cold steel. Jesse James cursed and raved. Two clerks in the bank escaped and were shot at. Bob Younger knew this was a mistake and left the bank. Jesse James followed, but turned, fired and killed Haywood. It was bad business. It only infuriated the town."

"There was no necessity for James' shooting after he knew the safe door was closed. Besides, the uproar at the bank gave the town time to think, and the citizens were after the bandits, who rode out of town on a gallop. Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller were killed on the way out. In this case the warning to the people to get off the street was given too soon. If Haywood had not had the warning, he probably would have given in."

"Frank James was not in the raid, but he was on guard. As the bandits rode away he joined them. He was taken sick, and that is how Jesse James escaped. His love for Frank was always like that of a woman for her child. He escaped and took Frank with him on the pommel of his saddle. In this way they rode by night and secreted themselves by day."

"Sometimes Jesse left Frank in a thicket, entered a town on his route and bought medicine, returned to the sick brother, ministered to him, and at night they resumed their ride. This was continued until they reached Missouri, and a Kansas City doctor took charge of Frank and nursed him back to health right there in the town. I knew the doctor well, and I had the story from his lips. His account of that ride was one of the most exciting recitals I ever heard."—New York Sun.

Contradicted.

"Here's a scientist who says that we think with one-half of our brain."
"Well, I could show him some people who don't."—Puck.

ANIMALS THAT FAINT.

Cats, Among Others, Have Weak Spells Just Like Human Beings.

When the little gray cat had been brought to with camphor and lavender salts, the woman who had been instrumental in the resuscitation said:

"Well, that is the first time I ever saw a cat faint."

"The rest of the borders laughed. 'Faint!' they said. 'The idea! That wasn't a faint. Animals never faint.' 'Then what ailed her?' asked the woman."

The boarders couldn't tell, and after dinner the woman went around to the veterinarian's office and asked him about it.

"Of course she fainted," he said. "It is not the fashion to call the sudden indisposition of a cat or dog a faint, but that is what it really amounts to. In common parlance, when an animal drops over insensible the illness is described as a sudden rush of blood to the brain, but the symptoms are practically the same as in the fainting of a human being, and the remedies used to restore consciousness in the latter case can be used to advantage in reviving a fainting cat or dog."

"All animals, of course, do not faint. Neither do all human beings. But there are degrees of sensitiveness in the lower orders of creation just as in the human race, and there is no doubt that there are many animals of delicate organism that are just as apt to keel over as a man or woman."

"This is particularly true of cats and dogs and birds that are kept closely within doors, yet fainting is by no means confined to domestic pets. Animals whose surroundings have prevented their becoming versed in the polite ailments of civilized life are given to fainting. Monkeys, for instance, have their little dizzy spells and topple over without rhyme or reason."

"Even the larger and more hardy animals have attacks of weakness which, no matter what they may be called from a scientific standpoint, are really nothing more or less than fainting spells. I have seen horses fall to the street in a faint so neat that not even the most accomplished woman of fashion could tell it. These equine attacks must not be confused with staggers and sunstroke. They are fainting fits pure and simple."

The woman looked relieved. "Then the next time anybody says animals can't faint I can tell them that they don't know what they are talking about, can't I?" she said triumphantly.

"You certainly can," said the veterinarian.—New York Sun.

KATE CHASE'S GREAT AMBITION.

She Did Her Best to Make Her Father President.

The story of "The Dashing Kate Chase and Her Great Ambition" is told by William Perrine in *The Ladies Home Journal*. Born in 1840, she early began to exhibit a masterful spirit, to study politics and to dream of the possibilities in store for her when her father, Salmon P. Chase, was proposed as a candidate for the presidency in 1856 and again in 1860.

When he was called to a cabinet position, he had been married three times, and it was whispered that he was about to make a certain lady his fourth wife. But the resolute Kate had made up her mind that no one should step in between her and her father, and one day when the lady called she was made so keenly to feel that she was an intruder that the budding romance was blighted, and Chase remained a widower.

Even after Kate's brilliant marriage to Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island she still cherished the ambition to see her father installed in the White House and was most gracious to those who were likely to be influential in helping her to advance his interests. When he was appointed chief justice, she saw in it only a scheme to head off his presidential aspirations forever and said, half jocosely, half reproachfully, to Senator Sumner, who had voted for the appointment: "And you, too, Mr. Charles Sumner, in this business of shelving papa! But never mind. I will defeat you all!"

In 1868 she nearly succeeded in getting the Democratic national convention to carry out her wishes. It was in session in Tammany hall, New York city, and she kept in communication with it by messengers, waiting anxiously for the moment when it was believed her father would carry all by storm. On the fourth day the moment seemed to have arrived, and her heart leaped with joy. But the expected stampede did not come, and the impatient daughter was almost moved to go herself to Tammany hall. Indeed, there were afterward some politicians who observed that if she could have gone among the delegates on the floor she might have been able at the crucial point to have swung the convention to the chief justice. Instead Horatio Seymour was nominated, and Kate Sprague that night was the most unhappy woman in the land.

The Freak Gun Orank.

The crank inventor of freak guns, whose absolute belief in his invention and readiness to risk his life in proving its worth display no mean order of bravery, is deserving of credit. It is a real case of a man who will always express his willingness to stand to his gun during tests, while the usual man behind the gun seeks shelter. Once an inventor constructed a gun from gas pipe for throwing dynamite with gunpowder. He took it to Sandy Hook for trial, but as the ordnance officers would not permit him to stand beside it while he touched it off he was greatly enraged and refused to let the gun be tested at all by the United States government. He threatened to give foreign governments the benefit of his invention, and Uncle Sam would be obliged to do without it. He took the gun home with him, where he could test it all by himself, which he did in a field back of his house. He was picked up unconscious, with his under jaw gone and a few other parts missing.—Home Magazine.

Ground Plan Completed.

Naguss (literary editor)—How is your new society novel getting on, Burns?
Burns (struggling author)—Splendidly. I've got the French phrases I am going to use in the story all selected. There's nothing to do now but to fill in the English and divide it into chapters.—Chicago Tribune.

Before the German empire was unified an author had to obtain 22 different copyrights for a book, and a railway bill had to pass through 14 different parliaments.

The Roman roads, according to their importance, were from 8 to 30 feet in width.

HEADS FOR FIGURES.

FEATS OF MENTAL ARITHMETIC THAT PUZZLED THE SCIENTISTS.

Two Untaught Phenomena, Ignorant on All Other Subjects, Who Could Solve Offhand Difficult Problems in Mathematics.

Jedediah Buxton, an English farm laborer, was an untaught mathematical genius. Although his grandfather was vicar and his father schoolmaster of the parish in which he was born, yet Jedediah, either from natural incapacity or from preoccupation with his arithmetical pursuits, never even acquired the rudiments of learning, either could not or would not so much as learn to write and was content to work as a farm laborer to the end of his days. But at a very early age he appears to have had an intuitive perception of the relative proportions of numbers, and to this subject he devoted the whole of his attention. His method was so much his own that he seems to have been quite unacquainted with the common rules. On one occasion, having been required to multiply 456 by 378 and having done it as quickly as one of his examiners could do it in the ordinary way, he was asked to work the sum audibly, in order that his method might be discovered. It then appeared, curiously enough, that he went to work in a very roundabout way.

First he multiplied the 456 by 5, which produced 2,280. This he again multiplied by 20 and found the product to be 45,600. Of course, he might much more readily have achieved this result by simply adding two noughts to the multiplicand. This he evidently did not know. However, he next went on to multiply the number he had now arrived at by 3, which gave him the sum of the multiplicand multiplied by 300, and it then remained for him to multiply it by the remaining 78. This he effected by the awkward process of multiplying by 13 the 2,280, which was the product obtained by his first multiplication of 456 by 5. The product thus obtained he then added to the 136,800, which was the sum of 456 multiplied by 300. This produced 171,000 as the sum of 456 multiplied by 375. It remained for him, therefore, to multiply the original number again by 3 and add the sum of it to 171,000. And by this certainly rather cumbersome process he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378 to be 172,368.

Jedediah had no more general knowledge than any average peasant boy of 10 years of age and showed no memory for anything but figures. He was sometimes asked when he returned from church if he could repeat the text or any part of the sermon, but he could never remember a single sentence. In 1754, when he was 47 years of age, Jedediah walked to London to see the king. He was entertained and exhibited to the Royal society, but he left London without a regret and returned cheerfully to his farm work.

Another untaught arithmetical genius, Zerah Colburn, whose abnormal development raises an interesting problem, was the son of an American peasant. He was brought to London by his father in 1812, when he was 8 years old, when he was examined and his peculiar powers were tested by Francis Bailey and other skillful mathematicians. It was found that, although he was so ignorant of the ordinary rules of arithmetic that he could not perform on paper a simple sum in multiplication or division, yet he could mentally multiply any number less than 10 into itself successively nine times and give the results faster than the person appointed to record them could take them down. He multiplied 8 into itself 15 times, or, to use technical terms, raised it to the sixteenth power, and the result, consisting of 15 digits, was found to be right in every figure. This was astonishing enough, but he was able to do things even more wonderful. When asked what number multiplied by itself gave 106,929, he answered, before the original number could be written down, that it was 327. And, again, when asked what number multiplied twice into itself gave 68,336,125, or, to put it technically, what was the cube root of that array of figures, he replied with equal facility and promptness that it was 405. The mathematical experts who were examining the boy found that it was impossible to find the cube root of these nine figures, in the shortest and most convenient way, in less than three or four minutes.

But what most surprised the mathematicians was that he could almost as readily answer questions for which they had no ready-made formulae. For instance, he was asked to name two numbers which, multiplied together, would give the number 247,483, and he immediately named 941 and 263, which are said to be the only two numbers which will do so. And when asked to name a number which would divide 36,083 exactly he hesitatingly replied that no number would do so. If any of our mathematically minded readers will address themselves to this problem, they will find that it will give them at least a quarter of an hour's steady thought before they can assure themselves that 36,083 is what is called a prime number, or a number only divisible by itself and unity, a solution which this child was in some mysterious way able to see immediately the question was proposed to him.

Colburn, like Buxton, seems to have had a method of his own, but he constantly declared that he did not know how the answers came into his mind. "God put these things into my head," he said on being pressed for an explanation, "and I cannot put them into yours." Jedediah lived to the age of 65 with no more general knowledge or stock of ideas than a child of 10, and he kept his extraordinary calculating faculty to the end. But Zerah, the general culture of his mind improved, found his special power to fade away. Francis Bailey was of opinion that Zerah Colburn's feats indicated the existence of certain properties of numbers which mathematicians had not yet discovered. But it is perhaps equally possible that they indicated capacities of the human mind which had hitherto been undreamed of.—London Globe.

Hard Test.

Mrs. Meddergrass—The paper says that most of the Russians are ignorant people.

Mr. Meddergrass—Well, now, I sh'd think they'd have to be pretty smart to understand their own language.—Baltimore American.

A boy baby a month old can expect but 42 years of life. When he is 5 years older, his chances of living have increased to 51 years 6 months.

MARK TWAIN AS A PILOT.

The Fun He Had With His Engine, Which Was a Kicker.

In 1856, when Captain Thomas Bixby of New Orleans was captain on the Swallow, which plied up and down the Mississippi, he had a remarkable pilot, who was no other than Mark Twain, or Samuel L. Clemens, the famous humorist. While in a reminiscent mood one day Captain Bixby said to a Kansas City Journal reporter:

"Sam wasn't much more than a youngster when he came down to St. Louis from Florida, Mo., where he had been in a printing office, and wanted to be a pilot. I reckon he was about the quaintest looking specimen I ever saw. He was about 24 then, and I hired him. We had another pilot on board who took the wheel in strange waters, for the river bed was as uncertain as the hind leg of a mule. And, speaking of a mule, the Swallow had the queerest sort of engine that was ever seen. The craft itself was a little shabby—it only plied between St. Louis and Cairo—being about 30 feet long, with a stern wheel, a large place for freight and passengers, a pilothouse and a place on what may be called the pilot deck for the engine. That engine went aboard when it was needed, and only then. It burned no wood or coal, but ate a powerful sight of grass. It was a large gray mule named Jerry, which worked a treadmill that propelled the boat. Sam Clemens—you know his name of Mark Twain came later—was chief engineer and pilot. He had a system of signals, and they were ingenious. By pulling a cord he could raise a head of cabbage just out of reach of the mule. The engine would start for it and begin to walk after it, and the boat floated majestically on down the river or up, as the case might be. When Sam wanted to stop, he would pull a rope attached to the feed box of the engine."

"Without intending to be personal, I will say that Jerry was one of the most intelligent animals I ever met. His voice was more on the order of a fog horn than a whistle. It was too much of a baritone for the latter."

"When Sam wanted to whistle for a landing, he would hit Jerry with a stick. If he wanted, in the profane language of the river pilot, to go ahead like hades, he gave Jerry a touch of the whip."

"But piloting on the Mississippi was not a job that a man would take for amusement unless he had a queer idea of amusement."

"The pilothouse was a mighty lonely place at night, especially so when the folks below were in bed. Every other living creature on the boat was down below, but the pilot, and he had to stand there in the dark and everlastingly twist that wheel to keep the boat from jabbing her nose into the bank or from climbing over sand banks. Boats didn't carry any headlight. That would have bothered a pilot in those days coming from the opposite direction."

"Our engine was a terrible kicker, and on one trip we had an iron figure of an Indian on board—a cigar sign. Clemens was on watch one night, and things must have been pretty slow in the pilothouse to suggest the idea of dressing up the Indian and placing him near the mule. I was asleep on deck, as the weather was warm, and was awakened by the most terrible racket ever heard this side of an explosion."

"The mule kicked till he was plumb played out; then he laid down with us in the middle of the river."

THE MISSING ANDIRON.

A Treasure That Was Picked Up at a Rummage Sale.

There is a dear old lady on North Charles street who for years cherished a hope that some day she might be fortunate enough to discover the mate to a splendid old andiron that had been in her possession for many decades. It was an exquisite piece of dressing up the Indian and placing him near the mule. I was asleep on deck, as the weather was warm, and was awakened by the most terrible racket ever heard this side of an explosion.

Every one of the old lady's kith and kin had searched diligently for the old andiron's fellow, but without success. The owner herself had ransacked every junkshop and secondhand store in half the big cities of the east. Finally she reluctantly came to the conclusion that the twin andiron must be lost to her forever.

Recently, on being invited to contribute to a "rummage sale," she sent the old brass, not without a tear of regret at its departure.

That same day the old lady's daughter, acting as one of the patronesses to the "rummage," beheld an old andiron which caused her heart to leap into her throat. "It is—it is the very twin of mamma's!" she cried. "Won't the dear old girl be pleased?"

The young matron dug down in her purse, brought up \$13.65 and fairly bubbled with joy to think that at last, after all these years, she was the one to find the missing and long sought for andiron.

Do you think she told them to "send it up?" Not she. A cab was ordered, and into it went the old brass and its fair purchaser.

At last the andiron was in the hallway, and the maid was bringing mamma down to "see something."

"There, you dear old love, there's the mate to your old brass!"

"Goodness gracious, Susan, where did you ever get it? And to think I've parted with mine!"

"I found it at the 'rummage,' dear. Wasn't it lucky that I was there?"

A little water and smelling salts were so effective that the old lady was able to sit up within an hour.—Baltimore Sun.

What's Your Pet Phrase?

Of course you have a pet phrase or expression; you are one of the few exceptions if you haven't. Very likely the very words with which this article begins—"of course"—are used by you at every turn, but you don't know it.

You have a particular ejaculation which does duty in all circumstances. It may be a variation of "Great Scott!" such as "Great Scotland Yard!" or it may be "Good Grace church street!" which is a variation of "Good gracious!"

You probably end most of your sentences with "you know" or "you see." Then you have a pet word which you bring in wherever you can. Perhaps it is "logical," and the number of times that word and its opposite—"illogical"—appear in your conversation is simply alarming. But you don't see it, you know.—London Answers.

His

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

All that was mortal of William McKinley, best beloved of all American Presidents, was laid at rest at Canton, Ohio, on September 19th. His immortal spirit lives and illumines every American heart. His death is mourned by his countrymen with a depth of feeling which words fail to express. His life remains as a priceless heritage not alone to this land but to all the world.

The Sunset Magazine for September is a splendid number of that splendid journal. "A Study of San Luis Obispo County," by Charles Howard Shinn, is the leading article. Following the policy of the magazine Sunset gives large space in this issue to San Luis Obispo, and, needless to say, the space is well filled. "Oceans Sweet Pea Farm" is another most interesting article. Sunset is doing a great work for California.

NEW CARS FOR ELECTRIC ROAD.

Five new cars arrived Saturday last from St. Louis for the San Mateo line. There are fourteen more coming. The new cars are constructed on the plan of ordinary railway coaches with cross seats for two persons. The cars will seat forty-eight persons. It is intended to use the cars on the suburban line, running to Holy Cross and San Mateo. Superintendent G. H. Whitfield says he will give the patrons of the system better service. It is proposed to reduce the time between the ferry and Holy Cross so that the trip will require only an hour instead of an hour and a quarter. The new cars are equipped with four 50-horse power motors, and can run at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour.—Times, San Mateo.

THE SCHOOL.

Part of Wednesday afternoon was devoted to memorial exercises. The pupils came together in general assembly. A sketch of the life of our martyred President was given, and patriotic songs were rendered with feeling by the pupils.

Last Saturday our boys played a game of baseball with Colma School, at the latter place. A lively interest was manifested by the players and the large crowd of spectators. From the start San Bruno school took the lead and maintained it to the end, winning by a score of 27 to 12.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.
An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post-office.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$150 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1735.

The strongest fortress in European Russia is Cronstadt. It is the Russian naval depot of the Baltic sea.

FULLER'S RACE.

At Fuller's there is racing day. To try the fire brigades. The wharf rats always won so far. Gave other's cards and spades. And Jack LaBree says: "Nevermore Have ever we been beat."

Such thing will never happen, no. We'll never stand defeat. I tell you we shall win the race. It stands beyond a doubt. We are the warmest thing that is in this line that is out.

The rubber-necks were the first to run. And down the road they came. Determination on their face. They showed their muscles. A crowd of sturdy workmen stood. And watched their steady stride.

For such men you can go and hunt. The country far and wide. And down they went and ready stood. Until the signal blew.

And off they were like cannon balls. Oh my! But how they flew! They may be called the rubber necks. But surely they were fleet.

They took the rubber from their necks. And put it in their feet. They reached the goal like lightning. Up went a mighty shout.

When Toney slipped and slid along. Right neath the water spout. The time thus lost to get the hose. Connected with the main.

Showed every one their effort now. Had surely been in vain. Next came the stacks they ran along. We watched their muscles. And in their faces was no trace. Of fear or apprehension.

The signal blew, again they came. With Johnson at the cart. We cried out: "There the money goes!" Right from the very start.

The lead took Conley, Hurdle, Max. And Telles, good to run. To see the speed they got, it was. The greatest thing yet done.

But Max got winded and gave out. He could not run so fast. And they would lose the race if he. Stayed to the very last.

Upon the face of Telles then. There crept a threatening frown: "Drop out, drop out!" he cried to him. "Go 'way back and sit down!"

And out he flew, but not for long. He needed but short rest. He was determined yet to do. His utmost and his best.

And up he ran and caught the rest. He grabbed in time the hose. To make it possible that they. Could yet win by a nose.

Some say that Max had sold the race. But I'll deny this strong. Max acted so to save their race. I know him well and long.

Next came the wharf rats, there they stood. O'Bryan at the cart. They never had been beat before. They got lovely start.

They swept along, O'Bryan with. Blanche face, determined eyes. And from the multitude arose. Loud and admiring cries.

But at the goal, O' saddest fate. He could not find the water main. In vain the rats had battled. At last he found it, but too late.

He saw with death pale face. The clear cut every body that. The stacks had won the race. Up came the umpire Mr. Cox.

Distributed the prize. And complimented on their speed. The men of Jimmy Wise. There is no joy upon the wharf.

The hose cart is in mourning. Pride comes before the fall. Let every body heed the warning.

Know ye the reason, why the. Wharf rats had so little show? They wasted all their wind. Before their race in idle blow.

Know, wharf rats, that to beat the stacks. It takes a goodly stepper. Talk is no good, speed is required. With best regards F. WEBER.

CURIOUS BURIAL FASHIONS.

The Coffins and the Methods of the Baule Negro Tribe.

On the Ivory Coast in West Africa, between the rivers Bandama and Nzi, there lives a curious negro tribe known as the Baule and which is a mixture of several races. So curious is it that M. Maurice Delafosse, a colonial official, has thought it well worthy of study, and he now narrates some interesting facts about it.

The coffins used by the negroes, he says, are rectangular, and each is fashioned carefully out of a large block of acacia wood. The sides, moreover, are ornamented with colored bas-reliefs, and the cover is usually wrought in most artistic style. As an example of such a cover M. Delafosse presents one which was made in 1895 for the mummy of a chieftain named Nyango Kuassi. On it the chieftain is represented lying on a leopard skin, which has been artistically engraved, the spots therein being shown by squares cut out of the wood.

Above the dead man is an engraving of an umbrella, the symbol of his high position on earth, and beneath it a box of cartridges has been drawn. On the left is represented the gold hited saber which he wore on parade, and above it is an engraving of his favorite drinking cup.

On the right in like manner may be seen drawings of his dagger and of his gun. Below the corpse is a death's head and the figure of a woman, who is holding in her hand a saucer filled with bread. The death's head represents that one among the dead man's slaves who according to ancient custom, should have been sacrificed at the time of his death, but whose life was spared at the intercession of M. Delafosse.

Ordinary Baule negroes are buried as soon as they die, but those of high rank are rarely buried for seven months, and some even are not buried for seven years. In the latter cases the body is duly embalmed and then remains in the place in where death occurs until it is placed in the coffin. Salt, alcohol and palm oil are the main ingredients used in embalming, and cotton, with which gold dust is sometimes mixed, serves to conceal the openings which the operator has made in the body.

Frequently thin plates of gold are also placed as a shield over the countenance, and all the ornaments that were worn in life are spread over the body. So the dead man lies on the mat where he died, and such is the influence of the air and the heat that within two months his body is transformed into a mummy. This was what happened to the body of Nyango Kuassi, for it lay seven months in the death chamber before it was taken out to burial.

The Cloud.

He—There, dear, after toiling and planning for years we have at last been able to buy this beautiful home, and you ought to be perfectly happy.

She—But I'm not.

He—What's the matter?

She—I know we shall never be able to sell it.—Harper's Bazar.

Interurban Badinage.

"Your town," said the Chicagoan, "is called the City of Straits, I believe."

"Yes," replied the Detroitier, "and yours, I suppose, might be known as the City of Crooks."—Philadelphia Record.

TWO INDIAN LEGENDS

THEY BOTH RELATE TO THE ORIGIN OF THE "BLACK HAND."

A Historic Relic of Former Days in a Beautiful Spot in Ohio That Was Blasted Away in the Ruthless March of Progress.

As the average tourist, traveling eastward from Newark, O., dashes through a rocky cut near the eastern limits of Licking county, he likely does not realize that this spot was once one of the most picturesque, romantic and historic localities in Ohio. Such a traveler should read the history and legends of "Black Hand"—a history that reads like a dream of Aladdin, legend that finds its beginning in the dim primeval days, when an immense lake filled the entire Licking valley and poured its surplus water over an immense natural sandstone dam four miles across.

During the ages which rolled away, the waters by erosion cut through the devonian grit, leaving two parallel walls which rise about 50 feet. When civilization reached what is now Ohio, it found a swirling flood in this rock bound ravine. The faces of the cliffs were crowned with rare flowers and beautiful laurel gave its fragrance to the zephyr and its delicate tints to the landscape.

This is the beautiful spot that afterward came to be called "Black Hand." In the early part of the last century the ground was a swampy place, and the Ohio canal took advantage of the rock walls to form a storage dam for that early civilization. About midway down the canyon a railroad protruded into the river.

Here the first surveyors found, cut in the face of the rock, a gigantic human hand. The carvings had been filled with a black pigment, which still remains a mute monument of the forgotten race to whom the carver belonged. Though nature had raised a stone for him, he carved not a line to tell who he was or why he carved.

Accounts of the size of the black hand differ. Old men say their parents saw it and that it was eight feet from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger. Others say it was larger and some not so large.

But the rock which bore the hand was in the way of the canal builder, and in 1828 they drilled into the face of the cliff and blasted away the historic relic. Not content with that, they cut it into blocks, ruthlessly chiseling away the carvings and traces, and with the blocks built a sustaining wall, over which two horses might walk while drawing wealth into the western world. The black hand on the rock's face lived only in the memory of its destroyers.

When the Central Ohio Railway company in the early fifties desired to pierce the garden spot of Ohio, they took advantage of the grades established by nature from Zanesville and followed the Licking river. When Black Hand was reached, the builders encountered a headland on the opposite side of the river corresponding to Black Hand rock and cut sheer through it. So today the east bound tourist sees little of Black Hand.

Many legends linger about the locality. An Indian sat at the door of a settler's cabin and told this story: "Many years ago the red men in the eastern part of the state were at war with those in the middle and northwestern parts. Chief among the former were the Mingoes and among the latter the Wyandottes. In one of the stealthy and bloodthirsty incursions into the Mingo hunting grounds a young chief of great promise was captured and carried back by the Wyandottes. Instead of killing the young Mingo chieftain, as was the usual custom, he was made a serf and compelled to earn the good esteem and fellowship of his captors, a fate worse than death to the young Indian.

"The woes of his captivity, however, were lightened by the kindly attention of a young Wyandotte maiden, the daughter of the chief of the tribe into which the Mingo had been adopted. Genuine affection knows no condition, for it rises above the environment. The maiden fell in love with the unfortunate young chief, and though watched by the crafty tribesmen, they made their affection known to each other and decided to fly to the Mingo country.

"One night they made their escape. At daylight they were missed and were pursued by a posse of Wyandottes. The girl had left behind a tribesman lover, who, burning with the passion of a disappointed lover and aching for vengeance, traveled faster than the couple and overtook them at Black Hand rock.

"They heard the pursuers behind them, knowing that worse than death awaited them if captured. With the stoicism of the savage they walked to the edge of the precipice and surveyed the flood. Folding the idol of his heart in his arms, he sprang into the boiling waters. The pursuers were close enough to see the last chapter of the drama.

The narrator says the disappointed pursuers marked the spot as the Caucasian found it.

The other legend—and one worthy of perpetuity—is born of the geology and country and the trade conditions of the aborigines. About five miles southwest of Black Hand is a great outcropping of chalcodony. The place is known now as Flint ridge, and the flint, rare on this continent, was much valued by Indians and mound builders for making implements of agriculture and war. Like the pipe and arrow quarries of the Dakotas, where the mineral Sioux and Mandan work side by side in apparent peace, hither the tribes came up, the place being considered sacred to the giver of all good and perfect gifts. For a radius of five miles around Flint ridge rested the blessing of the great spirit, or that of the orb of day, the divinity worshiped by the mound builders. None of the tumult of war is found within that space. Parties in quest of the flint coming to the confines of the charmed circle laid down their arms for the purpose of the time forgetting the traditional hatred of foes. They came from the Mississippi valley, probably by water, and debarked from their trail craft at the foot of the rock.

The romantic story the spread hand carved on the rock was in mute appeal and forcibly reminded the wayfarer in a way at once forcible, as it was poetical, that thus far and no farther should the waves of unlighted vengeance roll. The hand marked the portal of a sanctuary which was sacred to the savage, whose lust for blood rose above every other consideration in his narrow but intense, isolated but eventual life.—Ohio State Journal.

THE PICKY GLEANER.

From candle doubling to candle teeming
I labor at the weary gleaming;

The scattered cars I gather up,
Eat of your bread, drink of your cup,
And as I eat of light can guide you
To guess a flake beside you,
You of your wisdom overreaching.

I only of my wayward clan
Accept the food and wage of man;
I labor in your fields all day
Whence my own folk have fled away;
No voices call me to the moor
When at the noon the heat grows sore;
I bear my burden as I can.

My fairy birthright I have lost,
And yet I never grudge the cost,
Because of one who gleams beside me,
Whose dark brown cloud of hair shall hide me
From sorrow, who goes seeking ever
For hearts to break and hands to sever;
The running brooks for her I crossed.

Thresholds of human homes I passed;
My lot among you mortals cast,
Because a gleaner's voice was kind,
A gleaner's laugh rang down the wind
Like a bird's music among leaves.
Till blind, I whole green shire of sheaves
If she will love me at the last.

—Nora Hopper in Cornhill.

BEATRICE'S DILEMMA.

How She Dodged a Visitor and Got Her Sister Into Trouble.

It is manifestly impossible for a girl to be dressed to receive company every minute of the 24 hours. That was Beatrice's only excuse when it was all over. She sat on the big couch, which was the joy of the living room, busily sewing covers on to sofa cushions. Her attire was a kimono dressing jacket and a muslin petticoat, and her hair was held up in a precarious state by one pin. She was hurrying to get through and dress before callers came in the new and stupid maid usher into the hallway of the flat John Robertson Bellamy, who is all that his name implies. If given her choice between instant death or meeting Mr. Bellamy as she then appeared, Beatrice would have gone to the stake cheerfully. There was not the ghost of a chance to escape. In another instant Mr. Bellamy would set foot in the living room, for flats are small. With a beseeching glance at Geraldine, who was sitting in an armchair paralyzed at the situation, Beatrice swooped aside the cushions and—

—the big couch with no back being providentially set across an angle of the room—tumbled down back of it in a tumultuous heap.

Mr. Bellamy was somewhat alarmed at the agitated welcome he received from Geraldine. Never had he suspected her of being anything but eminently calm and sensible.

"No, Beatrice is not in, I am sorry to say," fibbed Beatrice's hysterical sister tremulously. "She was so sorry to break her engagement with you, but circumstances made it necessary for her to leave."

Just here Geraldine's invention came out wildly, and she sat staring at John Robertson Bellamy, who stared back in polite but ruffled attention.

And then Beatrice sneezed. Any one who has ever had the good fortune to hear her hearty, whole souled, resounding sneeze under ordinary circumstances can realize what it was like, intensified by the hollow behind the couch. The dust on the floor had brought about the catastrophe. It sounded like an amateur dynamite explosion.

It remained for Geraldine to put the finishing touch. "Ha, ha," she laughed fiercely. "Ha, ha! My new pet Yorkshire has such a funny sneeze, hasn't he?" And she glared fiercely at poor Mr. Bellamy as though defying him to deny the paradox of laying that huge and startling noise at the door of a small and shivering toy dog.

Mr. Bellamy was on his feet, and he looked worried. "Oh, certainly—yes—don't mention it!" he said incoherently, and then he left. He is remarking to people of late that it is the oddest thing that he was kept in ignorance so long of Miss Geraldine's unfortunate mental affliction.

When he remembers that curious sneeze behind the couch, he adds that there is certainly something creepy and abnormal about the whole household.

And whenever Beatrice wishes to bring Geraldine to time since the happening all she has to do is to bark once.—New York News.

Plants That See.

Certain plants stretch themselves out in search of support and food in a way that makes the ordinary observer believe that they can see, and the experience of a correspondent in connection with a convolvulus lends color to this sight theory.

He was seated at his back door and put his foot against a pillar round which a convolvulus was twined. The tendrils, to his surprise, began to move, and in half an hour were beginning to curl round his foot. He resolved to try an experiment with a pole, and to the following morning he set up one about 12 inches from the nearest tendrils and at the back of the pillar, so that it could not be said that the plant was attracted by the light. Within three minutes the tendrils began to move toward the pole, just like snakes, and it was almost impossible to believe that this was done without sight. In a few hours they were curled round the pole.

The Wonders of Plant Life.
Vegetable ivory is the fruit of a tree closely allied to the palms and of a similar habit. It is a native of South America and may justly be called one of the wonders of plant life. The fruit consists of a group of seeds in a cluster as large as a man's head, containing from six to nine seeds. Outside the seed is a covering composed of a sweet, oily pulp. When the nuts are ripe, the fluid, which has become a hard, white substance, which compares very favorably with ivory obtained from animal sources. And yet, under the proper conditions of heat, light and moist soil, its rootlets, sustain the embryo and produce a plant of Pityelephas macrocarpa.—New York Post.

Attachments Made and Laid.
Polonium—Attachments are quickly formed in our profession.
Hamaker—Alas, 'tis true.
Polonium—Why that note of melancholy in thy tone?

Hamaker—I was thinking of my wardrobe which my landlady has this day attached.—Ohio State Journal.

The finding of pearls of value in the regular oyster of commerce is a rare occurrence, though the reports of such finds are frequent.

Look out for the people who call on you to trade their bill dollars for your dollars.—Atchison Globe.

BIG WORDS.

Sometimes They Come Handy to Those Who Know Them.

"I do not like big words as a usual thing, but occasionally they are a great convenience, for they are great savers of space and time," remarked a gentleman who occasionally breaks into a magazine with a heavy weight.

"By multiplying the prefixes or sandwiching in the fraction of the root of some word here and there a combination can be arranged that will convey in a single word and at a single glance an idea that ordinarily it would take a multiplicity of words to convey. For this reason medical jurisprudence and scientific literature generally are rich with what is regarded as a rare and extraordinary vocabulary.

"Yet there are but few words used in any of the branches of science which a mere novice in language could not understand if he would but analyze the combination and think for a moment of the derivative fragments which are to be found. Sometimes the word may string out over half a line in an ordinary newspaper column, but an examination of it will show that, even independent of the context, one may easily understand it if one will but reflect for a moment upon the fragments of other simpler words which are preserved in the combination.

I had an amazing experience once with a big word, and incidentally the use of it profited me in a small way. I had blazed out on the negro problem, and in a discussion of the mental status of the negro I had occasion to refer to the popular belief among negroes in a material heaven and urged in my argument that the negro race was a primitive race; that even his conception of a deity had not yet undergone the processes of deanthropomorphization. The word struck me because of its convenience and expressiveness, conveying as it does an idea that could scarcely be conveyed by anything less than a dozen words.

"There was a lean, cadaverous bill collector who walked in my shadow on pay day. He walked into the office, with a copy of my article in his hand. "Excuse me," he said, "but me and my wife read your article on the negro question, and, being southerners, we endorse all you say. But there is one thing about it, he continued timidly, which we do not understand, and since we have failed to find the word in the dictionary I thought I would ask you what it meant."

"I did not know exactly what he was driving at and thought at first he was joking me. He pointed out the word 'deanthropomorphization.' I picked it to pieces for him in sections, and he smiled blandly and in his embarrassment forgot to present the bill which he had been trying to collect, and never after that did he dun me.

"But it taught me a more serious lesson, for I honestly believe that whatever merit there was in my article was lost on that couple because of the intense interest and curious concern which centered in the word which they did not understand. I have not used the word since, and while it may be a convenience in literary construction, I believe I would rather spell the idea out in smaller characters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The "Feelings" of Metals.
Can metals feel? At the Royal Institution in London Professor Jagadis Chunder Bose proved that they can, in much the same way as animal beings.

He struck a piece of copper, pinched a piece of zinc, gave it poison and administered an antidote and threw light upon an artificial retina. In each case the electrical emotion, as registered by the galvanometer, was painful to witness. There is an opening for a society for the prevention of cruelty to metals.

Very Praisable.
Jed—Chollie has just returned from a hunting trip. He says he shot the biggest bear on record.

Ned—That might be so. If it hadn't been a big one, he would never have hit it.—Smart Set.

"To take her down a peg" is nothing but a sailor's direction as to the lowering of the ship's colors.

Gladstone in a Huff.

Max Muller told me about a curious experience he had when staying in Gladstone's own home at Hawarden. The conversation naturally turned to matters Hellenic, and in the course of it Gladstone made a grammatical mistake in Greek. His learned guest mildly tried to correct him, but Gladstone rather haughtily maintained that he was perfectly right. After another fruitless attempt of Max Muller, Gladstone became so imperative in his assertion that his guest quietly answered: "Well, we can easily solve the difficulty. No doubt you have a Greek grammar in the house. Let us look into it!"

Thereupon Gladstone rose in a huff. No Greek grammar was brought down, nor did the great statesman appear himself any more on that occasion. It was a most painful scene for Max Muller. Mrs. Gladstone tried her best, in the meantime, to apologize for her husband's behavior. "I am sorry to say," she remarked, "that he cannot brook contradictions. I hope you won't mind it."—Westminster Review.

The Editor of a Paper.
On a large daily paper the editor in chief has control of everybody on the editorial and reporting staff and directs the policy of the paper, though he may do little writing. The managing editor is his lieutenant and carries out the ideas of the editor in chief, acting more or less independently, as the case may be. An editor may mean either one of the men who write editorials or one of the men who edit the copy of reporters and other writers. The business manager has charge of the business department, devoting his time mainly to matters of advertising and circulation. On small papers one man can do the work of all, but he will have to sit up nights.—Exchange.

There is no distinction of parts of speech in the Chinese language and no recognition of the principle of inflection.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

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TOWN NEWS

A week of mourning and sadness. There are no anarchists here.

M. S. Griffin was in town Wednesday.

Joe Lecari paid our town a visit Monday.

The cheapest place to buy is always at home.

Don't forget the Sentinel's ball this evening.

M. C. Hynding paid our town a visit on Saturday last.

Mr. H. P. Tyson of San Francisco, paid our town a visit Tuesday.

The house of Jos. South, near Union Coursing Park, burned on Tuesday night.

The trial of the four San Francisco garbage men has been continued to September 27th at 1 p. m.

W. F. Bailey has just completed the work of repainting the cottage of Mr. J. P. Leann both inside and outside.

A delegation of visiting Redmen from San Francisco visited the local lodge here on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vandenberg, with the baby, paid a visit to Papa and Mamma Vandenberg, at the Linden, this week.

Constable Dan Neville and Tony Sters, with their families, have returned from a week's outing at San Pedro Valley.

Messrs. J. L. Wood and Zell Rollins have a contract to put up three water tanks on San Bruno Road for the First Road District.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The steamship Ammon touched at and left Valparaiso for Hamburg on September 1st. This is the steamer on which George Kneese Jr. sailed away.

The Board of Supervisors levied a special tax of 25 cents on the hundred dollars for Court House repair purposes on Monday. This levy, with the former one, will provide about \$50,000 for a Court House building.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand Avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

An unknown man was struck by south bound Southern Pacific train at Baden Station about 4 p. m. of Friday, September 13th. The man was put aboard train for city at 4:55 p. m. We understand his injuries proved fatal.

If a sufficient number of pupils can be obtained a class in German will be started by one of the teachers of our public school. Any person desirous of such instruction should apply to Prof. H. R. Fainton, principal of the school.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The baseball nine of our public school, with Leland Kofod as captain, played the nine of the Colma school on Saturday, the 14th inst., at Colma. The score at the end of the game stood 27 for Captain Kofod's nine to 12 for the Colma boys.

Work on the new depot will commence very soon. Eleven thousand brick arrived last week and Monday other material was shipped here for its construction. The original plans have been amended so that the new building will be considerably larger and more costly than at first intended.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

The tax rate in San Mateo county for the fiscal year of 1901-1902, outside of incorporated towns, has been fixed by the Board of Supervisors at 1.84 on \$100 of the assessed valuation of property. The addition of special school tax in this school district of 10 cents, will make the total tax for this town and immediate vicinity \$1.94.

Third annual ball Garfield Council No. 5, Sentinels of the Universe, will be given this evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall. Excellent music will be furnished for the occasion by Warren's Orchestra. The floor management will be perfect. The committee in charge consists of C. T. Connell, Dr. H. G. Plymire, J. B. Wallace, Ed. Farrell and A. E. Shirley.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

Official Business Transacted at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday, all the members being present. After roll call, Chairman McEvoy referred to the sorrow the Nation is thrown into by the death of President McKinley and suggested that the Board adjourn in respect to the memory of the martyred President, after fixing the tax levy which the law made imperative. The suggestion was formulated into a motion and adopted.

The matter of fixing the tax rate for the fiscal year was then taken up. The State Board of Equalization notified the Supervisors that the State rate had been fixed at 48 cents on each \$100 valuation.

The County Auditor then presented the following estimate of the amounts needed to be raised for various purposes:

Gentlemen: I estimate the following for the fiscal year of 1901 as follows:

	This year	Last year
State Fund.....	\$0.48	\$0.49.8
General Fund.....	.12	.18

School Fund.....	.15	.17
Salary Fund.....	.22	.18
Indigent Fund.....	.05	.05
Interest Fund.....	.01.5	.01.5
Dist. Road Fund.....	.26.5	.26.7
Special Road Fund.....	.20	.20

The total rate for outside incorporated cities and towns, \$1.50. The total rate for inside incorporated cities and towns, \$1.03.5.

SPECIAL SCHOOL TAXES.

	This year	Last year
--	-----------	-----------

Jefferson School Dis. \$0.15 \$0.15

San Bruno " " .10 .10

San Mateo " " .08 .10

Redwood City " " .28 .28

Menlo Park " " .20 .20

San Pedro " " .10 .10

Sequoia High " " .10 .12

This tax levy pays the bonds of the San Mateo and Menlo Park special schools bonds and also the indebtedness of the San Pedro School District.

The Auditor wound up his estimate with an extract from the last grand jury report regarding the need of a new court house.

The Governor's Proclamation was read notifying the Board that Thursday, September 19th, would be declared a holiday in respect to the memory of President McKinley. The Sequoia High School trustees estimated that it would take \$6000 to conduct the school for the next fiscal year.

The suggestion of the Auditor that 25 cents be added to the General Fund for the purpose of building a new court house, was debated at length.

E. F. Fitzpatrick explained the needs of a new court house and urged the Board not to evade the responsibility at this time but provide the means for a suitable structure.

R. S. Thornton said he was a member of the last grand jury and in investigating the courthouse found valuable documents in the basement of the building, there being no place else to put them. He thought it about time to put up a new building.

George C. Ross made a strong plea for a new building. He said there was vast wealth being spent in the county and the prospects were never brighter and urged that we get in the line of progress by building a creditable structure in which to keep the county records.

C. W. Wilson of Pescadero, L. P. Behrens, John MacBain, Hugh McArthur, W. J. Martin, G. P. Hartley, O. J. Hynding, made strong arguments for a new courthouse.

Superior Debenedetti favored a new courthouse but thought \$100,000 should be raised.

Coleman admitted that a new building was needed, but thought the people should have something to say and that the matter should be submitted to them. He favored a bond issue. He urged that an ordinance to that effect be drafted. This was declared out of order by the Chairman.

Chairman McEvoy was in favor of a direct tax and strongly appealed to the members to vote for the proposition.

Supervisor McCormick moved that 25 cents be added to the General Fund for a new courthouse and was seconded by McEvoy.

The vote was: Ayes—McEvoy, McCormick and Eikenkotter. Noes—Coleman and Debenedetti.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Board reconvened at 1:30, all the members being present.

Further action was taken on the Auditor's estimate and the rates for the different funds as agreed upon appear in the following resolution introduced by Eikenkotter and adopted on motion of Debenedetti:

Resolved, That by virtue of the authority vested in this Board by and under the provisions of Section 3714, Chapter V, Article 2 of part 3 of the Political Code as amended;

It is hereby ordered that the rates of taxes levied by the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, for the fiscal year 1901-1902 for State and County purposes upon each \$100.00 of the assessed valuation of the property in the County of San Mateo, State of California, be and the same are hereby fixed and ordered collected as follows, viz.:

For State purposes.....\$.48

For General Fund of County.....\$.37

For County School Fund.....\$.14

For Salary Fund.....\$.22

For Indigent Fund.....\$.05

For Interest Fund.....\$.01.5

For District Road Fund.....\$.26.5

For Special Road Fund.....\$.20

That the total rate be \$1.84 on each \$100.00 of the assessed valuation of the property in the County of San Mateo, State of California, outside of incorporated cities and towns and \$1.275 inside of incorporated cities and towns.

Also that the following special taxes be and the same are hereby levied and ordered collected in the following named School Districts in said County on each \$100 of said assessed valuation of property in each of said Districts to pay the interest on said bonds and for the redemption of bonds issued by the Board of Supervisors of said County for certain Districts and for the purpose of raising building and other funds in certain Districts as follows, viz.

Jefferson School District.....	\$.15
San Bruno School District.....	.10
San Mateo School District.....	.08
Redwood City School District.....	.28
Menlo Park School District.....	.20
San Pedro School District.....	.10
Sequoia Union High School.....	.10

erect and construct a new Courthouse building, and adding said amount to the fund heretofore created by said Board and known as and called "The Courthouse Repair Fund."

And, Whereas, It is the intention and wish of this Board that said proportionate sum of twenty five (25) cents upon each one hundred dollars of taxable valuation of property should be used only for the purposes intended, i. e., to improve, repair and add to the present Courthouse building, or to erect and construct a new Courthouse building. Now, therefore, be it hereby

Resolved, That for the purpose of carrying into effect the purposes and intentions of this Board, it is ordered and directed that the said amount of twenty-five (25) cents levied upon each one hundred dollars taxable valuation of property for Courthouse purposes aforesaid, be assigned and transferred from said General Fund, to the "Courthouse Repair Fund" for the reasons and purposes aforesaid; and be it further

Resolved, That when the moneys intended to be collected during the current fiscal year for General Fund purposes shall have been collected by said County and its proper officers, and when such moneys shall be in condition to be apportioned by the Auditor of said county, among the funds thereof, as required by law, and in accordance with the resolution and vote of this Board, fixing, levying and establishing the tax levy and rate of taxation, that said County Auditor transfer and apportion of said total amount of money from said general fund to said "Courthouse Repair Fund," a sum of money equal to twenty-five (25) cents upon each one hundred dollars taxable valuation of property collected for said general fund purposes as hereinbefore stated.

On motion of Eikenkotter the following order was made apportioning the tax of the Southern Pacific railroad, the electric railroad and the Pullman Car Company, as fixed by the State Board of Equalization:

In pursuance of Section 3665 of the Political Code of the State of California as amended, it is by this Board ordered and declared.

That the whole length of the main track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company assessed by the State Board of Equalization, within the County of San Mateo, is as follows:

Total length of said railroad is 25.10 miles. That the assessed value per mile of such railway lying in each city, town, school district and road district through which it runs, as fixed by the State Board of Equalization, is as follows, to-wit: Of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for the year 1901 is \$10,768 per mile and that the number of miles of track and the assessed value of said railway lying in each city, town, school district and road district of the County of San Mateo, State of California, is as follows, and which shall constitute the assessed values of said property for taxable purposes in such city, town, road district and school district, are as follows, to-wit:

Year 1901, Southern Pacific Railroad.

ROAD DISTRICTS.

First Road District, First Township, 11.50 miles, \$123,835.

Second Road District, Second Township, 8 miles, \$86,145.

Third Road District, Third Township, 5.60 miles, \$60,500.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

Jefferson.....3.90 miles \$41,995

San Bruno.....3.01 miles 32,755

Millbrae.....4.56 miles 49,105

San Mateo.....4.25 miles 45,755

Belmont.....3.19 miles 34,245

Redwood City.....3.76 miles 40,495

Menlo Park.....2.40 miles 25,845

Sequoia Union High School.....9.35 miles 100,680

INCORPORATED CITIES AND TOWNS.

Town Redwood City.....1.80 miles \$19,395

City of San Mateo.....2.47 miles 26,595

That the total length of the main track of the San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad Company, assessed by the State Board of Equalization within the County of San Mateo is as follows, viz.: Total length of said railway is 7.788 miles. That the assessed value per mile of such railway lying in each city, town, school district and road district through which it runs, as fixed by the State Board of Equalization, is as follows, to-wit:

San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad for the year 1901, is \$7,662.90 per mile, and that the number of miles of track and the assessed value of said railway lying in each city, town, school district and road district of the County of San Mateo, State of California, is as follows, and which shall constitute the assessed values of said property for taxable purposes in such city, town, road and school district are as follows, to-wit:

Year 1901, San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad Company.

ROAD DISTRICT.

San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad Company, year 1901: First Road District, First Township, 7.788 miles, \$59,680.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

Jefferson School District, 6.092 miles, \$46,685.

San Bruno School District 1.696 miles, \$12,995.

PULLMAN PALACE CAR COMPANY.

That the proportionate value of the Pullman Palace Car Company for its rolling stock as fixed by the State Board of Equalization by a pro rata distribution per mile of the assessed value of said rolling stock within said State of California, is \$128.34 per mile.

That the length of railways over which the said rolling stock of said Pullman Palace Car Company, as fixed by said State Board of Equalization, is operated within said County of San Mateo, is 25 miles.

That the whole length of the rail-

ways over which the said rolling stock of said Pullman Palace Car Company is operated lying in each city, town, school district and road district within said County of San Mateo, through which said rolling stock is operated is as follows, to-wit:

ROAD DISTRICTS.

First Road District, First Township, 11.40 miles, \$1,463.

Second Road District, Second Township, 8 miles, \$1,026.

Third Road District, Third Township, 5.60 miles, \$918.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

Jefferson.....3.90 miles \$488.00

San Bruno.....3.01 miles 330.00

Millbrae.....4.56 miles 585.00

San Mateo.....4.25 miles 545.00

Belmont.....3.19 miles 419.00

Redwood City.....3.76 miles 472.00

Menlo Park.....2.40 miles 308.00

Sequoia Union High School.....9.35 miles 1,300.00

INCORPORATED CITIES AND TOWNS.

Town Redwood City.....1.80 miles \$231.00

City of San Mateo.....2.47 miles 307.00

The following financial statement of the county as prepared by the Auditor and forwarded to the State Controller was approved by the Board:

Number acres of land.....\$ 287,048

Value of real estate other than city and town lots.....6,915,710

Value of improvements thereon.....2,387,885

Value of city and town lots.....1,637,845

Value of improvements thereon.....906,645

Total value of real estate.....8,553,555

Total value of improvements on real estate.....3,444,490

Value of personal property.....1,996,400

Amount of money and solvent credits.....1,517,335

Total amount of preceding items.....14,151,790

Value of railroads assessed by State Board of Equalization.....338,175

Grand total value of all property.....14,489,965

Total value of mortgages, trust deeds and other debt obligations assessed, including University, mortgages, etc.....1,373,000

INDEBTEDNESS.

Road bonds refunded.....48,000

Eikenkotter moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions to the memory of President McKinley, and also to see that the Courthouse was properly draped in mourning. The motion carried and the chairman appointed Supervisors Eikenkotter, Debenedetti and Coleman to serve on said committee.

The Board adjourned to Friday, September 20th at 10 a. m.

LOST.

On Cypress avenue, a valuable mink fur. Finder return to postoffice. Reward.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise the old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-02

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable native steers strong and in demand. Others steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand but at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8@8 1/2c; 2d quality, 7 1/2@8c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6 1/2@6 3/4c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6@6 1/2c; thin Cows, 4 1/2@5c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6 1/2@6 1/2c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5 1/2@6c; rough heavy hogs, 4 1/2@5c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2@3 3/4c; L.w.s. 3@3 1/2c; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 1 1/2c@1 3/4c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, live gross weight, 5@5 1/2c; over 250 lbs, 4 1/2@4 3/4c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEER—First quality steers, 6 1/2c; second quality, 5@6 1/2c; first quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2c; second quality, 5c; third quality, 4@4 1/2c.

VEAL—Large, 7 1/2@8c; small, good, 9@9 1/2c; common, 6 1/2@7 1/2c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@7 1/2c; Ewes, 6 1/2@7c; Suckling Lambs, 7@8c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8 1/2@9c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14c; picnic hams, 11c; Atlanta ham, 11c; New York, shoulder, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12 1/2c; clear light, 13 1/2c; clear ex. light, 14 1/2c.

BEANS—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, h. bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; h. bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, h. bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11 1/2c; do, light, 11 1/4c; do, Bellies, 12c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$23.00; h. bbls, \$11.75; Soused Pigs Feet, h. bbls, \$4.00; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are \$ lb: 7cs. 1/2-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8 1/2c 8 1/4c 8 1/2c 8 1/4c Cal. pure 12 1/2c 12 1/2c 12 1/2c 12 1/2c In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/4c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.

Walter F. Bailey

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SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4,

LITTLE BIG HEROES.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF SOME GREAT PERSONAGES.

By Far the Larger Part of the Men Who Have Ruled the World, Either Intellectually or With the Sword, Were Small of Stature.

One of the natural instincts of men is that curiosity which all feel regarding the personal appearance of those persons who have stood mentally high above their fellows. Whenever we read or hear of a great man, and especially when we are familiar with his history, we unconsciously form a picture of his looks and stature to which the contrast of the actual man is often very disappointing. Often we refuse to substitute the strange, unsatisfying reality for our own fond creation, especially if the great man is found to be a small one—the intellectual giant a physical dwarf. As a rule we overestimate the height and bulk of our heroes and endow them, if attractive, with superhuman beauty or, if hateful, with ugly and repulsive looks. It was this feeling which made the people at Yarmouth, England, when Nelson, delicate in body and insignificant in appearance, was passing over the quay to take command of his first ship, exclaim, "Why make that little fellow captain?"

During Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, in 1796, the Italians were greatly surprised at his personal appearance. His short stature, his pale face, the sickly thinness of his frail body, which seemed consumed by the fires of his genius, but was in reality made of muscles of steel, seized the imagination of the people by the contrast they presented to his dazzling feats of arms. It was a novel and startling experience to find that direct and penetrating glance, that abrupt, imperious gesture, that laconic speech and peremptory and absolute tone—all which bespoke the man born to command—associated with such a dwarfish and attenuated frame.

It is a singular fact that while nothing would seem to be easier than to ascertain the exact size of great men yet it is really difficult and often impossible to do so. Louis XIV. was for a long time described as such by courtiers and historians! Yet the measurement of his skeleton some years after his death revealed that he was under the average size. Napoleon III, while on the throne, was depicted as majestic in figure. We now know that he was very short, little more than five feet high.

Indeed, far the larger part of the men who have ruled the world either intellectually or with the sword have been men of small stature. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher who for 2,000 years maintained despotic sway over the world of thought, was a slender man with spindle shanks, small eyes and a shrill, stammering speech. In the great council of Nice, consisting of 2,000 delegates, the most potent spirit, who, after long and fierce disputes, carried the council with him, was Athanasius, a man of very small stature, "a dwarf rather than a man," says Dean Stanley, "but of almost angelic beauty of face and expression." In his little body dwelt a mighty soul. Combining subtlety of thought and power of eloquence with resoluteness of will, intensity of conviction and intrepidity of spirit, he fought single handed and for half a century the great battle of orthodoxy—having "no friend but God and death"—and today the creed of Athanasius is substantially the creed of Christendom.

Gregory VII, the mightiest and haughtiest of the Roman pontiffs, who de-throned sovereigns at his will, was a diminutive man, and so were Canute the Great and the great Conde. Voltaire, the literary autocrat of the eighteenth century and the most brilliant wit of the age, was one of the thinnest and most spectral of human beings. Two of the most potent spirits that directed the storm of the French revolution, Robespierre and Marat, were far below the average stature. The former, an incarnation of will, who by the sheer force of his intellect swayed the multitude and the national assembly at his pleasure, was but five feet two or three inches high, and the latter was less than five feet. Many of the most eminent Frenchmen of the nineteenth century—La Place, Poisson, Fourier, Thiers, Guizot—were small, spare, gipitallized beings, who could distinctly feel their own ribs.

Montaigne, the father of essayists; Dr. Watts, the hymnist; the sickly Scarron, who, in reference to his ill health and insignificant stature, called himself "an abridgment of human miseries"; Alexander Pope, who wore three pairs of stockings to plump out his legs to a decent size and also wore stays; Campbell, the author of "Hohenlinden," a pretty, little, delicate, ladylike, finical gentleman; Thomas De Quincey, the "opium eater," were all dwarfish men.

Suwarrow, the greatest of Russian generals; Frederick the Great, David Tennant, the wonderful actor, and Alexander Hamilton, whom Talleyrand pronounced one of the three greatest men he had ever known, were slender and below the middle height. The brave General Marion "was in stature of the smallest size, thin as well as low," and Dr. Kane, who surpassed all his arctic companions in braving torrid heat and polar cold, was but five feet six in height and weighed at his best but 135 pounds.

But more dwarfish than any of these ghostly beings was that phenomenon of the eighteenth century, the Abbe Galiani of Naples. "Personally," says Marmon-tel, "the abbe—who was but four feet and six inches in stature—was the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced, but upon the shoulders of that harlequin was the head of a Machiavelli." Referring to the frequent and sudden alternations in his conversation, of great, lofty sublime thoughts, which, Sainte Beuve says, were worthy of Vico, if not of Plato, with pleasantness, jests and buffooneries, the abbe said of himself, "You see that I am two different men kneaded together, who, nevertheless, do not entirely occupy the room of one."—William Mathews in Saturday Evening Post.

The Silt in the Pen.

The center slit in a pen is cut by a machine which seems almost to think. It consists of two chisels which barely pass each other when the slit is made, and the exact way in which the pen is poised so as to place the chisels in the proper position for cutting is one of the marvels of penmaking.

If you have a present to give a child, give it to the oldest. He will get it anyway, and by giving it to him you save him the trouble of fighting for it.—Archibon Globe.

HOW TO BRING SLEEP.

A Novel Scheme for Weaning Nature's Sweet Restorer.

To get a good night's sleep, says a college president, assume an easy position, with the hands resting over the abdomen. Take a long, slow but easy and natural breath in such a way as gradually and gently to lift the hands outward by the action of the abdomen. At the same time slowly and gradually open the eyes so that at the end of the inspiration they are wide open and directed upward. Let the breath out easily and naturally, letting the hands fall inward as the outward pressure of the abdomen is withdrawn. At the same time let the eyes drop and the eyelids naturally fall of their own weight, so that they are closed at the end of the expiration. Do all this quietly and naturally. Do not make too hard work of it.

Repeat the inspiration and expiration, with opening and lifting, dropping and closing of the eyes, ten times. Then take ten breaths in the same way, allowing the eyes to remain closed. Alternate ten breaths with opening and closing of the eyes and breaths with closed eyes. When the eyelids begin to feel heavy and you feel tired and sleepy, as you will very soon, go through the motions more and more easily and lazily until you merely will the motions without making any effort, or hardly any effort, to execute them. At this stage, or more likely in one of the intervals of breathing without any motion of the eyes, you will fall asleep.

Nervous persons will have some difficulty at first in the gradual opening and closing of the eyes. They will tend to fly open and then snap together. But, as putting salt on a dove's tail is a sure rule for catching the dove, so this gradual and easy opening and closing of the eyes in rhythm, with quiet, natural breathing, when once secured, is almost equivalent to dropping off to sleep. This rule induces the respiration that is characteristic of normal sleep. It tires the set of muscles the tiring of which is one of the favorite devices for producing hypnosis. It produces and calls attention to certain sensations in the eyes and eyelids which are the normal precursors of sleep. Finally, persons who have had difficulty in going to sleep and staying asleep, report that this method puts them to sleep, and puts them back again when they wake up too soon.—Outlook.

NOT TENDERFEET, THESE.

Observations by a Traveler on the Hardened Soles of Florida.

"I don't know what you mean when you speak of tender feet," said Colonel Munson. "But I recently saw a couple of illustrations of what tough feet are."

While at St. Petersburg, Fla., I had occasion to employ a coach, or salt water native, to help me get my boat into the water. I gave him a cigar and a match at the beginning of the engagement, and he was about to strike the match upon the freshly painted side of the boat, but something in the expression of my face must have deterred him, as he suddenly withdrew his hand, raised his bare foot and scratched the match upon his heel. It was the first time I ever saw it done, and it grated upon my nerves for a moment.

Later I was cruising on Matanzas pass, and we came upon a bed of fine oysters which Commodore Garry Van Horne of Jersey City had recently discovered. My man started to gather some, but before getting out of the boat he took off a new pair of shoes, saying, "I don't mean to git them new shoes all out to pieces."

"He had do stockings on, and I wondered at him, as I did when I first saw a Jap climb a ladder of swords with which he had previously silt up sheets of paper, for the Florida oyster has an edge which would put a razor to shame, and I never touched a bunch of oysters without losing blood."

"One day when we were getting up a sheep's head roast on Sanibel island my friend, Charles B. Hogg of Pleasure Bay, N. J., remarked to a dandy, 'You are standing on a live coal!'"

"I thought I smelt sulfur burnin'," said the dandy as he leisurely removed his sole from the glowing ember. "The skin on this negro's feet was hard baked and nearly a quarter of an inch thick. I looked closely at him when he came out of the water after wading for five hours, and there was a ridge of skin like the welt of a shoe all around his foot. It was nearly a quarter of an inch wider than his foot and was grayish white, having been swollen and bleached by the salt water of the gulf."—New York Sun.

The Wrong Room.

"While spending a vacation at Bedford Springs, Pa., some years ago," said a Baltimore lawyer the other day, "I went late one night to my room, as I supposed, unlocked the door and was startled by a woman's screams. I realized at once that I had got into the wrong room. You may be sure I did not waste any time getting out into the corridor, locking the door again and entering my room, which happened to be the next one. While I was doing this the woman continued screaming, alarming the whole hotel. A crowd soon gathered, and when the woman could be persuaded to open the door she declared there was a man in her room. Of course no intruder was found, and as the door was locked when the crowd gathered the lady was told that she must have had a nightmare and imagined she saw a man in her room. I kept quiet, and every one else in the hotel was convinced that the lady's imagination had worked upon her fears."—Baltimore Sun.

Woman's Sense of Humor.

Looking around our circle of acquaintances, we find quite as large a proportion of women as of men who enjoy a lively sense of humor. I think that women who have it are quicker to appreciate the funny side of things than men, but that women who have it are not as hopelessly commonplace, much more so than the men who are without it.

We have often noticed that people have usually a one sided sense of humor. Some can see one kind of joke, but not another, and the next corner is just the opposite. This sort of mental obliquity corresponds, I suppose, with color blindness.—London Truth.

Who Voted?

Over a century ago Benjamin Franklin discussed the propriety of qualification for voting in Pennsylvania. A man owned a donkey of sufficient value to enable him to vote, but before the next election the donkey died, and the man's vote was refused. "Now," asked Franklin, "who voted at the previous election, the man or the donkey?"

SURPRISED BY NIGHT

HOW THE FAMOUS PONY CLUB WAS CRUSHED BY THE "SLICKS."

A Secret Band of Horse Thieves Which Committed Depredations Throughout the South Was Finally Wiped Out by Another Secret Band.

Back in the thirties and forties there roamed over the states of North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee a devil may care band of men who styled themselves the "Pony club." They were regularly organized, had grips, signs and passwords and duly elected officers. The initiatory oath was filled with blood curdling blasphemies and iron bound benedictions, the penalty being death to those who were so foolhardy as to break it. The story goes that many a poor fellow has fed alligators in Florida bogs and panthers and wolves in Tennessee's wilds for the least tendency toward being inquisitive.

Their plan of operation was to steal a Florida horse and meet on halfway ground and exchange him for one fresh from Tennessee or Ohio; vice versa with one from South Carolina or one from Mississippi, and it was extremely difficult to catch up with the right party. But these depredations became so numerous and daring and the consequent loss so great that the pioneers gathered together and brought the offenders to justice. So a secret convention was called and a band organized styling themselves the "Slicks."

When a horse was stolen from a community, runners were sent to every county, and thus the news spread until from the Ohio to the Everglades and from the Pacific to the Mississippi the warning rolled along, and it seemed well nigh impossible for a thief to escape with a horse. Notwithstanding all these precautions and watchfulness the club existed and did some business.

During those days Heard, Carroll and Haralson were the dark corner of Georgia, and if a clubman could only get his booty in their thick jungles and forests pursuit was of little consequence. The truth is, the majority of the settlers either belonged to the organizations or were so coerced that they dared not fight them. This is said with all due respect to a great many heroic pioneers, whose honest souls yearned for a better civilization, and when forbearance did cease to be a virtue rose in their might and joined the "Slicks."

About five miles north, above Buchanan, on the banks of the Tallapoosa river, are two old race paths, now overgrown with saplings and brush, some of the trees being as large as a man's waist. The tracks run parallel with the river, which at this point is straight and wide. Parallel with and overlooking these tracks is a steep bluff about 40 or 50 feet high, which completely shuts the track from view, and excepting a small ravine there is no entrance or exit. At this place the "Pony club" had its rendezvous. From all quarters they came here and ran horse races, gambled, danced and caroused generally, and here it was they exchanged their horses to be shored in opposite directions. No one lived near the place, and the gang only entered it at night, and then only on Saturday night. Sunday night there would be a general carousal and leave takings.

It was years before their retreat was discovered. The information fortunately fell into good, honest hands, and on the Saturday following there was more than one "Slick" winding his way toward an appointed rendezvous, carefully and secretly. The uninitiated thought every turkey and deer in the country was going to be killed, judging from the promises, rubbings up, priming and loading of the old "flint and steel." Twelve o'clock! The sentry at the ravine's mouth put his hand to his mouth and "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" plaintively and weirdly trembled upon the midnight air and floated off toward the swamps below.

Far away up the hills came the answering note: "Whip with a will! Whip with a will! Whip with a will!" As the reply, waited down the ravine, fell upon the sentinel's ears, he paused and listened. All was still; nothing was heard except the impatient stamping of the horses. He cautiously advanced to the entrance and gazed up and down the stretch of track. Lying upon the ground, wrapped in blankets, were the forms of about 100 men. They were sleeping soundly, most of them being fatigued by a hard day's ride. More than a hundred horses were tethered along the bank of the stream. Some were beautiful Kentucky thoroughbreds; others Florida mustangs. There were all sorts and sizes, but as the "Pony boys" were inclined to be fastidious in their tastes and likes most of the horses were beautiful and well kept.

Stacked in piles were short carbines and rifles, such as could be hidden under coats, shawls or cloaks, and hanging all over the inclosure were huge horse pistols. Sitting alongside the bluff in regular order were jugs and bottles and cups in rich profusion.

The tired forms of the men never stirred; they slept in peaceful security; their sentry was at his post.

Presently a dark form, slipping from tree to tree, from boulder to boulder, was seen to pass around to the mouth of the ravine; another and yet another until the whole wood seemed to be alive with phantoms. A wild shriek, a shot, a splash into the river, and then pandemonium for about ten minutes. The "Slicks" had conquered for once. It was a hand to hand fight. The "Pony boys" awoke amid the flame and smoke to find that the enemy was upon them. They rushed into the shallow river and scattered as fast as they could. They nearly all escaped. Not one was killed outright, though many were wounded. Some of the fugitives had to tramp the unbroken wilds in attire like that of Father Adam until they found succoring friends. All the horses and a great deal of money were recovered.

The "Pony club" was finally crushed.

A Proper Use of the Term.

Twynn—Dr. Thirdly is a very good man, but he never preaches a sermon less than an hour long.

Triplet—He must be a terror.

Twynn—He is. He's a holy terror.—Leslie's Weekly.

Goldsmith somewhere tells of an old lady who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass away the time and after winning all his money had just proposed to play for her funeral expenses when she expired.

SARAH WAS HARD TO SUIT.

A Story of Bernhardt and Several Brands of Sofas.

"When Bernhardt was in New Orleans," said an attaché of the theater where the great Sarah played, "we had an awful time over the 'Camille' sofa. You remember, a sofa is used in the drawing room setting in 'Camille,' and, as she does some of her most effective posing on it, Mme. Bernhardt was determined it should be just so.

"We had several brands of sofa in stock, ranging from what they call a 'rude pallet' in melodrama to the gilded sofa of modern society plays, but she rejected the whole outfit at a glance and the prop man hustled out for a fresh supply. He came back with a heaping wagon load. I never saw so many different kinds. There were straight backed sofas, humped sofas, fat plush sofas, lean wicker sofas, horseshoe sofas, bowlegged sofas, almost everything you could imagine, but nothing suited the madame. She passed them in review, condemned the lot and told the prop man in sign talk to go and get some more. How he scared up another wagon load I don't know, but he did it somehow, and after they were all turned down, too, we were pretty nearly at our wit's end when we had an inspiration. We sent for a friend, an auctioneer, who has had long experience in handling costly furniture from private houses, and explained our dilemma. Could he help us out? Sure. He knew where to lay his hand on the exact sofa Mme. Bernhardt wanted. It was an heirloom, a wonderful sofa de luxe, covered with cloth of gold and cost \$300 in Paris. He would borrow it. In half an hour it arrived, and it was certainly a stunner. We carried it in, satisfied that we had hit the nail on the head at last, and, to our delight, the madame proceeded to recline upon it. Then she made some remark in French to her dresser. 'What does she say?' asked the prop man anxiously. 'She says it will do to sit on while you go after more,' replied the dresser.

"The visible supply of sofas was exhausted, and we told the madame as well as we could that she would have to give us time to explore the curio shops and other odd nooks and corners. She finally grasped what we were driving at, shrugged her shoulders ironically and went back to the hotel. As she entered her apartments she glanced around and saw a very modest, unpretentious sofa standing in one corner. 'Ah,' she said in French, 'the very thing. Send it to the theater.' In five minutes it was on the baggage elevator and that was the sofa we used in the play."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

KINDS OF SPIDERS.

Also Some Right Information About Tarantulas.

"There are very many kinds of spiders," says Harry Sutherland in Ainslee's, "besides those that annoy the housewife with their webs stuck up in the corners of the rooms and in the windows when she has been too busy with the sewing to look after the house much, but every kind is an appetite on eight legs and thoroughly convinced that nobody can be strong and hearty that lives on vegetables. They all spin more or less, whence their name, which is a contraction of spider, or spinner. Also, they bite, and if you listen to all the fool stories that are told when a spider bites you, you will save time by sending for the lawyer to make your will and telegraph for the boys to come home at once if they want to see you alive."

"But I will tell you, as between educated people that know a thing or two and do not get scared over every little trifle, that a spider's bite is no worse than a mosquito's—not so bad, in fact. A big spider can kill a small bird with its poison, but it only makes a man's arm swell up and hurt for a day or less, and not hurt very much at that. Bertkau could not feel the ordinary domestic spider on the thick skin of his hand, and only between the fingers could the spider make a puncture like that of a dull pin. The worst result was that it itched a little. Blackwall had them draw blood, but that was all. Though one spider bit another so hard that its liver ran out, it lived for more than a year afterward.

"As for these terrible tarantulas, either the stories told about victims having to dance till they fell down in exhaustion in order to escape death and madness were tremendous whoopers or tarantulas don't bite as bad as they used to. It is true that in those days the Italian violinists had to work overtime composing tarantulas to play for the bitten, but still there were sneering skeptics that said it was all a scheme got up to pass the hat for the wife and family of the suffering man whom a malignant spider had bitten while he was out looking for a job. Dufour had a tarantula that was quite tame and gentle. She took flies from his fingers like a dear thing. Almost any spider can be taught to take food from forceps and water from a camel's hair brush. They are great water drinkers, spiders are. I'll say that for 'em. Like the little temperance bird we used to read about, 'Water, cold water, is all of their song.' Rum and tobacco they turn from with loathing."

Sober as a Judge.

Judge Boyd, the English jurist, was so fond of brandy that he kept a supply of it in court upon his desk before him in an inkstand of peculiar make. His lordship used to lean his arm upon the desk, look down his head and steal a hurried sip from time to time through a quill that lay among the pens, which maneuver he flattered himself escaped observation. At the trial assizes it was sought by counsel to convict a witness of having been intoxicated at the time to which his evidence referred. Harry Dean Grady with Daniel O'Connell labored hard to show the man had been sober.

"Come now, my good man," said Judge Boyd, "it is a very important consideration: tell the court truly, upon the virtue of your oath, were you drunk or were you sober?"

"Oh, quite sober, my lord," broke in Grady, with a smile at O'Connell and a significant look at the inkstand. "He was as sober as a judge."

Dogs and Men.

The instinct and orders of every animal are to lay low and say nothing. Whenever they get smart they get into trouble. Dogs are like men—every once in awhile they long to be wicked. I have known nine different dogs who watched sheep in the daytime and silently stole away to devour them at night.—Seton-Thompson.

Sheep thrive best in a pasture where moles are numerous. The mole holes serve to drain the land.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE DISAGREEABLE ONE PICKS MANY FLAWS IN THEM.

She Says Their Chief Fault Is Over-dressing and Gives Some Striking Illustrations—Discourtesy to Each Other Another Error.

"Mme. Bernhardt never demonstrated her cleverness better," said the disagreeable woman, "than when she said that American girls were the finest in the world. The French know how to pay a compliment, and when she, a representative of a nation that produces the greatest feminine charmers of the world, declares the American girl the superior in fascination it is the very cream of flattery."

"Not only did Mme. Bernhardt make the statement to a press representative on her return home, but before she left this country she continually lauded the charms of the young women of America as she toured the cities, and she even penned magazine articles in their praise."

"Bouquets began to fly between Bernhardt and the women of America soon after her arrival in New York, when an American poetess wrote some verses ascribing to the clever Frenchwoman a nobility of soul, a sweetness of disposition and delicacy of temperament that would remove a woman from the earthly sphere to that of the angels. And Bernhardt, clever woman that she is, did not miss her cue, but replied with all modesty that she wasn't as nice as all that and from then on deluged the American girl with praise from ocean to ocean."

"It is a fact that, while the men of other nations, notably the English, the Russians and the French, find the charm of the American girl irresistible, the women of those countries have not taken so kindly to us. The first fact is probably the cause of the second. Women rarely admire the same type of femininity that finds favor in the eyes of their brothers or their husbands. English women regard American women as eccentric, and Frenchwomen think us awkward. An American who goes to live in Paris has to be made over before she will do."

"Frenchmen have tried in vain to teach us how to wear the gowns that they make so much better than we can ourselves, but in only a few instances have they succeeded. When Worth found an American woman that knew how to wear the frocks he made for her, he said she was so beautiful that she should be kept in a frame. We don't dress well, and even when our clothes are designed for us and made for us by artists we don't wear them well. You can go to Monte Carlo any time and pick out a dozen women without distinction of birth and with little education, and our greatest belles could not approach them in the matter of correct dressing. Bernhardt knows this, probably, but she did not mention it."

"At a flower fete given at an American summer resort a season or two ago I watched the beautifully decorated carriages pass by and noted the women who occupied them, gorgeously gowned in silk and lace, with hats rivaling the glories of the sunset and parasols far exceeding them in richness. Beauty, wealth and the most magnificent of floral arrangements were there, but the whole effect was garish. I asked myself why, and there was but one answer—the women were overdressed. The flowers and the splendid horses were detracted from by the clothes. It was like a great picture in a too gorgeous frame. Everything was there in plenty but good taste and refinement in the dressing. There was too much display. They were distinctly too dressy—lamentably, crudely, hideously dressy."

"On a similar occasion afterward in Paris the carriages rolled by laden with roses and lilies and violets, but the women within them were bored simply as nuns. They wore white gowns that did not look too new made of cloth and muslin and lace beneath parasols, chic, but unfashioned. It was as though they said: 'The carriage is very beautiful and worthy of a prize, and I am here. That is enough.' A white rose with its green leaves laid against the hair of one pale beauty was more exquisite than the finest that ever sent from Paris to stun New York. And this was the land of hats!

"Are these great queens or princesses," I asked, "these distinguished looking dames, that they dare show themselves in a procession like this, with cameras aimed at them in all directions and yet show such an apparent disdain for clothes?"

"No," was the answer, "they are nearly all French actresses, and they have no disdain for clothes, but they don't try to put everything on at once, as you Americans do."

"American rush animates us in our dressing just as it rules men in their business offices. The men rush themselves to nervous prostration so that we may rush our clothes. There is no denying the fact that we are overdressed, overjeweled, overfeathered and overfurled. The vice is in our bones. We go shopping with good resolves and determination, and something shiny or spangled or showy lures us like the bright beads for which the Indian girls long."

"Next to our overdressing our greatest fault is our discourtesy to each other as contrasted with the cringing way in which we are always trying to fascinate men. A Frenchwoman or a Russian or an English woman even is confident of her charm. She knows what she can do, or if she doesn't know she pretends she does. It is more subtle than our way. We try too hard. I've seen nice American girls roll their eyes at a waiter when they ordered a plate of ice cream. It was a man, and that was sufficient. To each other we are not like that."

"We are better hearted and more generous and kindly in reality than the women of any other nation under the sun, but we don't show it in our dealings with each other. We criticize each other fiercely and furiously, and then we fall on each other's neck with Judas kisses. Oh, those kisses! They are almost as plenty and as unnecessary as the bowknots. If we could only be kinder to each other and keep our kisses for people who could appreciate them!"—New York Sun.

Sister Dora.

One of the three women who have been honored in England by public statues to their memory was Dorothy Pattison, or, as she was called, Sister Dora. Although a schoolmistress by profession, she studied medicine in order to relieve the sick, and many times she ministered to needy sufferers regardless of great risk to herself, even venturing twice where no one else would go, into districts infected with smallpox.

HIS FIRST RACE.

It Marks the Supreme Moment of a Jockey's Life.

"The career of a jockey being about as long as that of a good race horse, the trainer must employ every moment to the best advantage," says Allen Sanger in Ainslee's. "He drives along in a rubber tired sulky while the boy is exercising in the saddle. He studies the boy's hands, feet, body and eyes, explains the horse's peculiarities and schools him to forget there is such a thing as fear. That one final quality which enables the boy to seize the psychological moment in a race—fraught with triumph or disaster—the trainer cannot bestow. It must be born in the boy."

"After several years of this tuition the boy is full eager for a mount and coaxes his trainer incessantly for 'just one chance.' One day he gets it. An owner has a horse that he wishes to try in a race, but does not want punished with whip or spur. The trainer picks the most promising boy in the stable, secures a license for him and the five pounds' concession in weight that is allowed to an apprentice mount and sends him to the post."

"This is the supreme moment in a jockey's life. On it may depend whether he will be an outcast or a rich man. Any streak of the craven drastic training has long since erased. But he knows his mortal danger. He has heard this jockey talked of as 'dangerous,' and that one as a 'killer.' He has also been told how to defend himself, and with set teeth the apprentice steels his nerve to give as well as to take. The last instructions of the trainer as he gives the boy a leg in the saddle are 'to get off quick,' 'hold his head up' and 'don't get out down.' These words refer to the management of the horse. Besides, the boy must look to his own safety, for unprincipled jockeys may try to 'throw him in a jostle,' 'put him in a pocket' or 'crowd him against the rail.'"

"When you stand at the rail watching a big race on a fast track and 13 or 14 horses are coming home in a bunch in a dustcloud, while 20,000 spectators, with their money in the bookmakers' hands, are on tiptoe yelling like mad, you can guess something of the feeling of the boy then who is on the first mount. With the dull, frantic undertone of hoofbeats come the treble shrieks of the riders, crouched, chin to knee, far up on the horses' shoulders, their eyes and nostrils thick with dust, their uniforms tinged to khaki."

"Make an opening there!"

"Quick!" screams another, with an oath.

"Let me pass! My horse is fresh!" begs a third when a second of time means a fortune to his owner. "At such a crisis two or three jockeys can clog the way of a better mounted rival so that he can win out only by that last desperate resort—a plunge 'twixt the horses in front. If there is a small opening alongside the rail, a very game jockey may take a chance on that. In either case the boy's legs are painfully bruised. Often he is unhorsed and trampled upon."

A Picture of a Catboat For a Fee.

Among the "laughable experiences" narrated by the Rev. D. M. Steele in his account of "Some People I Have Married," in Ladies' Home Journal, is this one: "It was after my first ceremony. The groom shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and observed that they were 'surely very much obliged.' 'You see,' he explained, 'we have not much money to begin life, but if things go well perhaps in a year we can send you some present.' I bowed them out as graciously as I knew how and forgot all about it. Six months later I received by mail a package and a letter from these people. They had not forgotten my kindness, and now that they were in better circumstances they wanted to send me something. But what should it be? At last they had decided. There was one thing they both were particularly fond of. They were going to send it and hoped I would appreciate it as I like it. When I opened the package, I found a cheaply framed photograph of a catboat on Long Island sound. On the margin was written in lead pencil, 'The place where we became engaged.'"

Water or Words.

A favorite dodge at Annapolis, says Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in "Under Top-sis and Tents," was to get a cadet to make a political speech.

It took two plebes to play the game, one of whom was to be prompter. The orator would be directed to stand on the floor and the prompter on a chair back of him with the mouth of a water pitcher just touching the collar of the speaker. He would be asked his politics, and if they were Democratic he would be advised to make a Republican speech. The prompter was requested to pour water whenever the flow of language stopped; consequently something was always down—water or words. It was an easy way of promoting fluency, and on some harrowing occasions in later days I have wished that some similar prompter could only have started my halting speech. The first act of the drama would be thoroughly enjoyed by every one, especially the prompter, but when the positions were reversed and the orator became the prompter in his turn the situation was truly delightful.

Advance Agents of Civilization.

One of the most curious phases of the homesteading industry is exhibited by settlers—and there are a good many such—who are perpetually unsettled. They will secure a promising farm, fence it in, begin breeding pigs and chickens, and then, without any apparent reason, will pull up stakes and depart with all their belongings to some other locality, which they imagine to be more eligible. Some of these people have actually traveled several times from the Mississippi river to California and back, and they are so numerous that the term "wagon children" has been accepted in the language as descriptive of those who have been brought up in wheeled vehicles.

Professor Thompson of the United States geological survey said that he had a man 24 years of age in his employ at one time who stated that he had never slept in an ordinary bed in his life, having been kept continually on the move in this fashion.—Saturday Evening Post.

No Room For Doubt.

"You speak with great positiveness about the sincerity of our friend's religion."

"There can be no doubt whatever of his sincerity," was the answer. "Why, sir, that man would rather go to church on Sunday than play golf!"—Washington Star.

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

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South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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